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PASSIONIST ALMANAC

OCTOBER 1937

DATE		FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1	Fri.	St. Remigius, B.C.	
2	Sat.	The Holy Guardian Angels.	Rev. Fr. Ignatius (Spencer), C.P.—1864.
3	**SUN.**	**✠20th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
4	Mon.	St. Francis of Assisi, C.	
5	Tues.	SS. Placid and Companions, MM.	Bro. Salvian (Newman), C.P.—1882.
6	Wed.	St. Bruno, C.	
7	Thurs.	THE HOLY ROSARY.	Rev. Fr. Alphonsus (O'Neill), C.P.—1899.
8	Fri.	St. Birgitta, W.	
9	Sat.	SS. Denis and Companions, MM.	
10	**SUN.**	**✠21st SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
11	Mon.	THE MATERNITY OF OUR BLESSED LADY.	Rev. Fr. Adrian (Cole), C.P.—1891.
12	Tues.	Feria.	Conf. Edward (Young), C.P.—1889.
13	Wed.	St. Edward, King, C.	
14	Thurs.	St. Callistus, P.M.	Rev. Fr. Angelo (Kirby), C.P.—1882.
15	Fri.	St. Teresa, V.	Rev. Fr. Christopher (Doyle), C.P.—1871.
16	Sat.	St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, V.	Rev. Fr. Isidore (Van Stalle), C.P.—1888. Conf. Leo (Devlin), C.P.—1882.
17	**SUN.**	**✠22nd SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
18	Mon.	St. Luke, Evangelist.	
19	Tues.	St. Peter of Alcantara, C.	Bro. Dominic (Coonan), C.P.—1895.
20	Wed.	St. John Cantius, C.	
21	Thurs.	St. Hilarion, Abbot, C.	Rev. Fr. Boniface (Hermany), C.P.—1890.
22	Fri.	St. Mary Salome, W.	Rev. Fr. Damian (Lavan), C.P.—1918.
23	Sat.	THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER.	
24	**SUN.**	**✠23rd SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
25	Mon.	SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM.	
26	Tues.	St. Evaristus, P.M.	
27	Wed.	Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude.	Rev. Fr. Vincent (Crean), C.P.—1909.
28	Thurs.	SS. SIMON AND JUDE, APP.	Conf. Osmund (Rice), C.P.—1882. Rev. Fr. Seraphim (McIvor), C.P.—1894.
29	Fri.	Feria.	Bro. Matthew (M'Ananna), C.P.—1901.
30	Sat.	Vigil of All Saints.	
31	**SUN.**	**✠OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, KING.**	

Abbreviations: B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. M.—Martyr. P.—Pope. V.—Virgin. W.—Widow.

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PASSIONIST NOTES AND NEWS, QUESTION BOX,
BOOK REVIEWS, GUILD OF ST. GABRIEL.

Mater Dolorosa

From the painting by Giovanni Lanfranco

Oh thou who turned thy tear-wet aching
eyes
Towards Him, thy dying Son
Then murmured while the sword pierced
Him and thee
"Thy Will, O God be done!"

O Queen of Sorrow! Speak to us
when we
From sorrow's touch would run;
And teach us in that hour to say like
thee
"Thy Will, O God, be done!",

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

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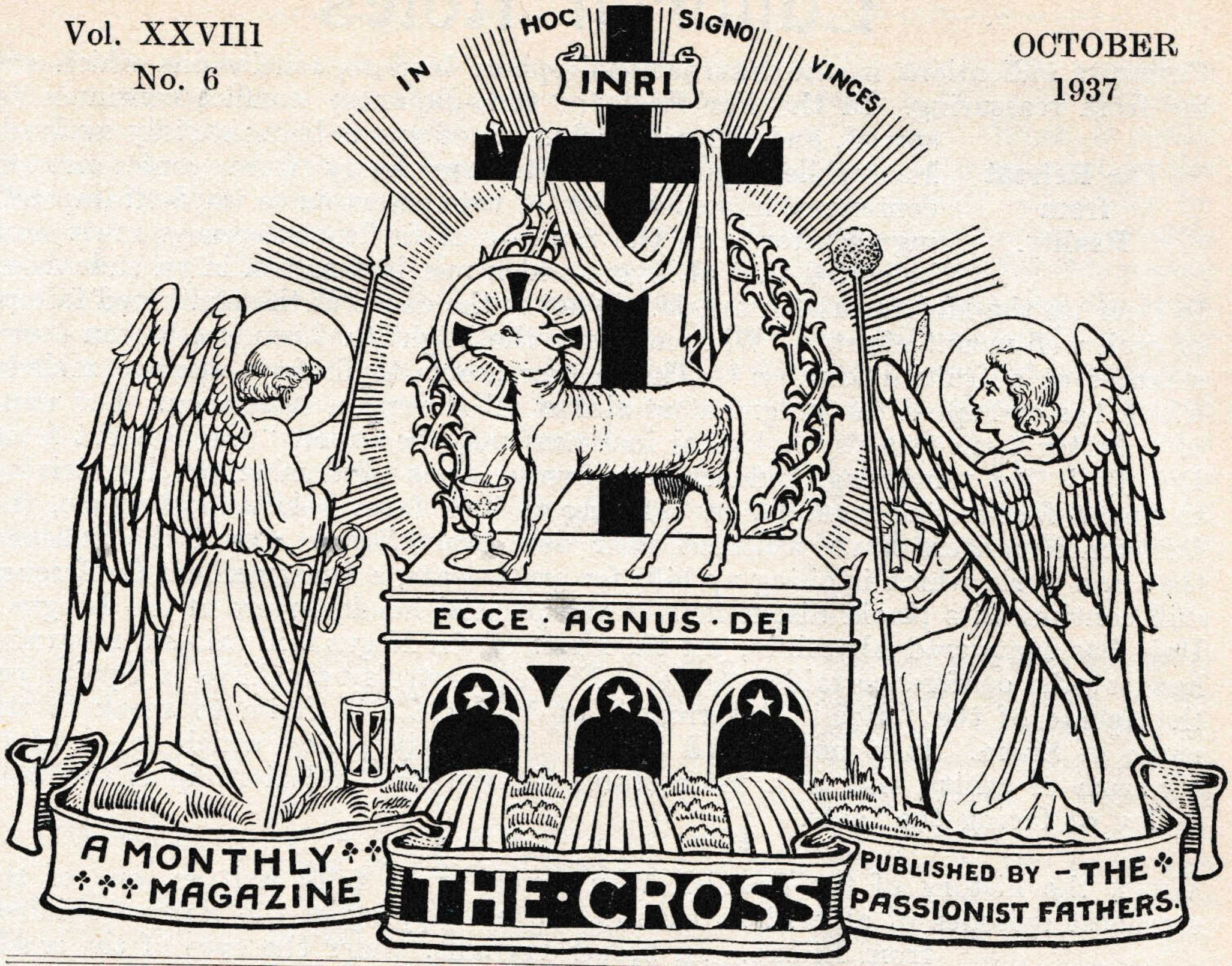
OCTOBER
1937



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Towards a Well-informed Public

With the approach of winter and the shortening of the evenings, we must say good bye to outdoor recreations until the beginning of another summer season. But that is no reason why we should be condemned to dulness during the coming months. Many will enjoy themselves in various forms of relaxation, but here we enter an emphatic plea on behalf of a more constructive way of spending the autumn and winter evenings.

A continual round of dances, card-parties, and pictures can produce only an empty-headed and weak-minded population. The mind requires its due measure of healthy exercise just as much as the body ; and there never was a time when there was a greater need for a healthy and well-informed Catholic public opinion upon questions of the day. Public opinion is not formed by reading daily papers and popular weeklies. It requires men and women who will act as intellectual leaders, who have the courage and the energy to find out truth for themselves, and who seek the truth from those who are competent to impart it.

The time spent in reading good Catholic books is well spent. It is an intellectual investment which yields a rich dividend. Yet how few of our people there are who have read even one good Catholic book. They prefer to stuff their heads with the vapid, ephemeral products of third-rate writers. Can you make a resolution to read even one book a month—not a novel, but something that will give you food for thought ? Take any subject you like : Church History, Social Problems, Foreign Missions, Hagiography—the field is wide enough to satisfy every taste. And you will find your mental processes stimulated and quickened by giving them something worthy of their powers.

Fr. Edmund, C.P.

Editorial Notes

CURRENT indications in the international sphere lead to conclusions which are far from reassuring. In the Far East the Sino-Japanese conflict continues to spread, and the new technique of war is being rapidly evolved. Meanwhile, European statesmen hurry from conference to conference in a succession of vain attempts to ward-off impending disaster. To the number of futile conferences must now be added that of Nyon, which met last month in an endeavour to clear up the Mediterranean tangle. What is the cause of the continued failure of such well-meant efforts? Whence comes the blight that renders barren every attempt at a fruitful solution? The answer seems to lie in a strange malady which has corrupted the judgment of almost all European statesmen. For want of a better term this psychological inertness may be called "the Retreat from Reality." By remaining wedded to outworn forms of democracy, by striving to find a face-saving formula, by refusing to look facts boldly in the face, the conference-mongers have stultified their own best efforts. Can it be believed that in a world which is piling up bills for armaments, a Disarmament Conference still continues its placid discussions at the palatial headquarters of the League? Italy has conquered Abyssinia, yet the ghost of the Negus still raises a mournful head at the conference table. General Franco controls two-thirds of Spain, yet the agents of the "Red" Government of Valencia still claim to speak in the name of Spain. Is it not a mad world? The only policy which can lead to a return of sanity and to a more stable international relationship is the bold policy of facing the facts.

The Retreat from Reality.

* * * * *

WHEN the history of the Spanish War comes to be fully written, one of the strangest episodes of all will be that of the kidnapping of the Basque children from Bilbao. In broad daylight, under the eyes of the world and in the name of "humanity" the Basque Government and their Red allies expatriated thousands of children to England, France and even to Russia. Now that the Basque Government is no more, and General Franco holds Bilbao, the parents who unwillingly lent their children as hostages to fate, are trying to get them back again. But the task is not so easy as it seems. The Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Antoniutti, has personally vouched for the fact that peace, order and a measure of prosperity have returned to Bilbao. The Nationalist Government has asked for the return of the children, and has backed up this request by great bundles of letters from heart-broken parents asking that the children be returned to their homes. But the British Committee in charge of the children has not yet surrendered its charges. Everything is ready for them in Bilbao, their homes, their parents, their country and their religion. It is the negation of humanity to detain them in a land where they are aliens and strangers. Can it be that there is more in this reluctance than meets the eye? Historical tradition dies hard, and the Basque episode is not unique. Cromwell "expatriated" hundreds of Irish boys and girls to the Barbadoes; not so many years ago the "soupers" were engaged in the similar congenial occupation of perverting the souls of their innocent victims. Have the children of Bilbao fallen into the hands of friends or foes?

Basque Children to go Home.

* * * * *

PLANS are already well advanced for the national celebration of Catholic Press Sunday in England on October 10th. In the Province of Westminster a campaign has been planned which embraces more than five hundred parishes in five dioceses. Voluntary canvassers are to be employed for the distribution of sample copies of papers, magazines and periodicals. In Liverpool, a six weeks' Catholic Press campaign has been inaugurated to secure a more widespread reading of all Catholic publications. The final objective of Catholic Press

Press Sunday in England.

Sunday is a Catholic paper in every Catholic household. Wisely the promoters of the scheme point out that a mere temporary increase in the sales of books and papers cannot be regarded as an indication of success. What is really required is the securing of regular readers. Canvassing is recommended as the best method of securing regular subscribers; it can be carried out either by personal approach or by house-to-house visiting. Many opportunities for apostolic work will undoubtedly arise during a comprehensive canvass, and for this reason the Legion of Mary, the K.S.C. and members of the Grail are adopting the work with enthusiasm and with marked success. There is a golden opportunity for a similar campaign in Ireland to push the sales of Catholic books and periodicals. The local branches of the C.T.S.I. are doing excellent work which is reflected in the increasing sales in many districts. But a co-ordination of effort on a nation-wide scale would surely give a much-needed impetus. The thousands of pounds squandered annually upon film-weeklies and similar trash should be diverted towards really worth-while reading-matter, such as our Catholic periodicals supply.

* * * * *

Towards Peace in Industry.

From *The Sign* we learn of a notable positive contribution towards peace in industry. Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati has appointed nineteen priests of his archdiocese with the special mandate "to assist labour, to be helpful in industrial disputes, in a word, to do all they can in giving sane direction to labouring groups." Here is a constructive and practical plan by the spiritual leader of a great archdiocese towards finding a solution to the social and economic problems that affect the people under his jurisdiction. The services of these nineteen priests will be given *gratis*, and will be available to all, without respect to race, class or creed. It will be interesting to see what measure of success will attend this novel experiment. To some it may seem unusual that priests should be engaged in such activities, and the voice of criticism will surely be heard in certain quarters. Such self-appointed critics may be effectually silenced by recalling the pointed words of Pope Benedict XV: "Let no one of these think that there is question here of an activity foreign to the sacred ministry because it has to do with economics; for in this very social question the eternal salvation of souls is imperilled." Here in Ireland we have had from time to time numerous examples of the efficient mediation of priests in labour questions. Not a few disputes have been amicably settled at a round-table conference presided over by the parochial clergy. Subject to sanction by higher ecclesiastical authority, such a scheme as that introduced in Cincinnati, might well be productive of excellent results in Ireland. The intervention of selected priests, who have the advantage of specialised training, and who are studiously impartial in their attitude towards both sides, may well mark a great step forward towards the arbitration of industrial disputes.

* * * * *

Christ The King.

This October war guns in Spain and China salute the Festival of the King of Peace. The whole world is restive with the strain of impending world-war. Will it come? How long will diplomacy and conferences and peace-talks keep conflict at bay? These questions we cannot answer, but at least we can atone for the disregard of the True King in the council chambers of the nations. We can pray for peace, and by prayer achieve what muddle-headed statesmen have found impossible. There is still a Power in heaven and on earth that is attentive to the cries of little ones. "In the world you shall have distress"—the words are His Own—"but in Me you *shall* have peace. Have confidence in Me for I have overcome the world."

The Key to Freedom

STANLEY B. JAMES

The Cross unlocked to the first preachers of the Gospel the wide domain of the Gentile world. With that behind them, pinning their faith to one historic event, they could go out to teach all nations. The Cross was the Key to Freedom : : : : : :

IT was to be expected that when the foundations of God's Kingdom were laid in this world every care would be taken to see that they were laid firmly. A wise General's first concern is with his base. Intensive preparation must precede extensive conquest. If the Christianisation of the world was to be carried on in the manner of guerilla warfare the case would have been different. But it was a planned campaign widening out from a specific centre. The choice of Israel as the matrix of the Incarnation and the starting-point for the evangelisation of mankind was no accident. From the beginning Divine Wisdom had determined this event. For centuries before the Nativity, the Jews had been prepared. The story told in the Old Testament reminds us of the process by which a builder clears the site on which he is to build. Psalmists and prophets were conscious that God was focussing His attention on Jerusalem and that this portended some supreme historical rôle to be played by the city in the destinies of mankind. Dimly in the ground-plan of the Architect as disclosed in the educative process, they were able to perceive hints as to the nature of the structure that was to arise in the days to come. The patience, foresight, thoroughness and sublime grandeur of the planning Mind are all to be seen in the preparatory work. The sifting of the people in the painful experience of successive conquests, the interposition of a supernatural Agency in order to bring them back to their Palestinian Home and the subsequent rebuilding of the Temple bore witness to the deliberation with which the work of redemption was being organized. The intimate relationship which exists between Hebraism and Christianity bears, in every feature of it, the traces of design. As a result, our Bible is "all of a piece," the older part fitting in exactly with the newer portion.

But the Incarnation did not bring this phase to an end. Judaism had not completely fulfilled its mission, and until it had done so the Messiah must abide within its province. It was His task to exhaust the possibilities both for good and evil of those who were His kinsmen according to the flesh. He had been sent—He said—to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, and no distraction could be allowed which interfered with the fulfilment of this mission. There must be a final judgment on the part of the nation for or against the Christ, and this verdict must be entirely free from ambiguity. No enticing prospect of fields afar white unto harvest, no vision of a pagan world hastening to decay for lack of the Truth must shorten the time allotted to the testing of Israel.

The programme thus defined could be carried through only at the utmost cost. If the earlier part of Jesus' public career was marked by popular enthusiasm, it soon became evident that the authorities were hostile. The dullness of the disciples blinded them to the doom that hung over their Master, but, in fact, it did not need divine prescience to foretell the end. Yet the question of avoiding the conflict was not so much as considered. What Jesus' attitude would have been to such a proposal can be gauged from His answer when Andrew and Philip informed Him that certain Gentile proselytes who had come up to Jerusalem for the Feast desired to see Him. The request at that critical moment when the shadow of the Cross was deepening was calculated to suggest the readiness of the outside world for His message, but no hint of this solution is discernible in His reply (St. John : XII, 23-24) : "The hour is come that the

Son of Man should be glorified. Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling in the ground die, itself remaineth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The only way leading to that larger world must be *via* Calvary. The riches of the Gentiles could be unlocked with no other key than that provided by the Cross.

Not only so, but that Cross must be erected in Jerusalem, the official centre of Israel and the seat of its highest authority. When certain Pharisees with leanings towards the Teacher warned Him to depart and "get hence" since Herod meant to kill Him, He gives them an uncompromising answer: "It cannot be that a prophet perish outside Jerusalem" (St. Luke: XIII, 33). This attitude is all the more striking when we consider that on previous occasions and in other localities Christ had avoided threatening danger. When the news came of John the Baptist's fate "He retired from thence by a boat, into a desert place apart." On a previous occasion, seized in His native Nazareth, He had passed through the crowd and escaped their murderous intentions. The word "retreat" was not expunged from the vocabulary of the Divine General. He reserved to Himself the right to choose the battle-ground for the final conflict.

The reason why His last journey was taken with His face set towards Jerusalem is obvious. It was only there that the nation as a whole could speak. A provincial verdict would have carried no weight. It was a highly-centralized ecclesiastical government which controlled the affairs of Israel. But while the position of the capital was thus recognized, the right of the provinces to a voice in the judgment given was not ignored. The choice of the Paschal season for the Passion afforded an opportunity for the whole population, represented at the Feast, augmented by pilgrims from the Dispersion, also present in large numbers, to record its deliberate vote. It was by no "snatch division" that Jesus' Death was decreed, but under circumstances of the utmost publicity. The various stages in the legal process following the arrest in Gethsemani, the succession of authorities before whom He appeared, and the part played in determining Pilate's final verdict by the mob, emphasise the thoroughness with which the possibilities of the situation were exhausted and the mind of the heterogeneous electorate canvassed. It should be remembered, too, that the Crucifixion took place during the full tide in the annual cycle of Jewish religious life. It was a time when, if ever, the nation should have been conscious of its holiest traditions. Moreover, it occurred at the conclusion of three years during which the condemned Teacher had exhibited His character under the searchlight of the utmost publicity and expounded His teaching in language which all might understand.

The drama of the Passion brought on to the stage every evil trait in human nature. No ignominy was lacking that could intensify the Victim's suffering. He drank to the dregs the cup mixed by the leaders of His people. To inflict the wound that brought about His Death the Jewish system was drained of the poison it contained. Nothing Jewry could inflict was left which He had not suffered. The battle fought and won was final, decisive and such as needed no supplementary action. When the Church received the command to "teach all nations" and the gates opening on to a world-wide mission were thrown open, no unbeaten enemy lay in its rear. Its base had been secured for ever. It was "in the night in which He was betrayed" that Jesus immolated Himself. The New Covenant was signed under the most adverse conditions that could be conceived. Divine Love gave Himself when and where infernal hate was at its zenith. Only then, when He had endured everything that fidelity to His Own people involved, did He regard Himself as free to pass beyond the barriers of Judaism.

The Cross is thus shown to be the Key to Freedom. It was the Cross which unlocked to the first preachers of the Gospel the wide domain of the Gentile

world. With that behind them, pinning their faith to one sacred spot and to one historic Event, they could go out to "teach all nations." It was no "escapist" movement which led the Apostles to strain towards the larger horizons that beckoned them. It was with a good conscience that, when persecution broke out in Jerusalem, they could disperse to the four quarters of the compass. St. Paul's turning from the Jews to the Gentiles was no avoidance of a difficult task which left an unsolved problem and an undefeated enemy in his rear. Not as fugitives but as missionaries was it that St. Peter and he made their appearance in Rome. An escapist movement followed out to its logical conclusion would have lost itself in the desert solitudes of Egypt and the wildernesses of western Europe. It would have established settlements comparable to those of the Essenes, those isolated ascetics to whom sometimes the Christians have been mistakenly likened. We should have had, not the militant Church of actual history boldly defying a pagan civilisation, but communities of apocalyptic visionaries withdrawn from a world they deemed hopelessly evil. Something like this we do indeed see in the early centuries when hordes of barbarians poured down through Italy. What happened then has been graphically described by Cardinal Newman. "As times got worse," he wrote, "Basil in the East, and Benedict in the West, put themselves at the head of fresh colonies, bound for the land of perpetual peace. There they sat them down over against Babylon, and waited for the coming judgment and the end of all things. Those who remained in the world, waited too. To undergo patiently what was, to make the best of it, to use it, as far as it could be used, for religious purposes, was their wisdom and resolve. If they took another course, they would be wasting their strength and hope upon a shadow, and losing the present for a future which would never come." But the genius of their religion—the religion of the Cross—was too much for these refugees. Almost in spite of themselves they became missionaries. The monasteries established by St. Benedict in the West proved the creative centres from which a new Christian civilisation was built up.

The principle thus enunciated is not without its application in our own day. We, too, are anticipating the collapse of a pagan civilisation, and, under these circumstances, not a few deem the situation so hopeless that nothing can be done but devise various means of escape. Elsewhere I have quoted in this connection words of Otto Splengler, author of *The Decline of the West*, which I will venture to repeat here. "A weariness spreads abroad," wrote Splengler, "a sort of pacifism in the war against Nature. People are looking to simpler, more 'natural' modes of life, they indulge in sport instead of technical research, they detest the great cities, they long to escape from the constraint of their soulless activities, from the slavery of the machine, from the pale cold atmosphere of technical organisation." The mood described in those words is easily recognisable, and plausible excuses for it can be advanced. Happily, however, it is not the mood which we find prevailing in the twentieth century Church. The programme of Catholic Action is very different. And what is most striking about this is the fact that, on the Continent, where Catholic Action is to be seen in its most highly organised form, it is just those young industrialists who bear the brunt of modern mechanism and urbanism who are taking the initiative. I refer of course to the *Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne*, commonly known as the J.O.C., which Cardinal Verdier recently described as possessing the spirit and enthusiasm of the Crusades. It is the belief of the Jocists that they must immolate themselves in faith and charity for the sake of their fellow-workers. Not by "smashing the system" with revolutionary violence nor by escaping from it will a genuine deliverance come, they hold, but by maintaining their Catholic witness in the midst of it. Their attitude, it will be seen, is an heroic one, and that heroism they have learnt from the Cross.

More Glimpses of Africa

REV. FR. THEODORE, C.P.

"I was surprised and touched the first time I saw a Christian house with its wooden cross, about a foot high, marking it out from its neighbours. It is no little thing to plant the cross thus as a challenge to pagan and Mohammedan surroundings" : : : :

A Group of Passionist Missionaries at Dodoma.

IN the Prefecture of Dodoma there is one small town—Dodoma—and a number of scattered villages, large and small. Generally speaking the population of these towns and villages is non-native—Indian and Arab, though there is always to be found a native quarter. The Native Quarter is occupied by those natives who have "drifted to town." Unfortunately the influence of the town or village, especially of such a predominantly Mohammedan village as Kondoa-Irangi, is only too evident, and for that reason Christians are strongly discouraged from living in them. The vast majority of Native Africans live in houses scattered all over the countryside. The permanence of the home in any particular spot is regulated more by inclination than by any solidity of structure. There is very little difficulty attached to "flitting." Land is to be had for the asking, and if one feels like a change, it can be effected with the minimum of trouble. The choice of a new piece of land, the building of a new house, and the moving of the furniture need not take more than a few days.

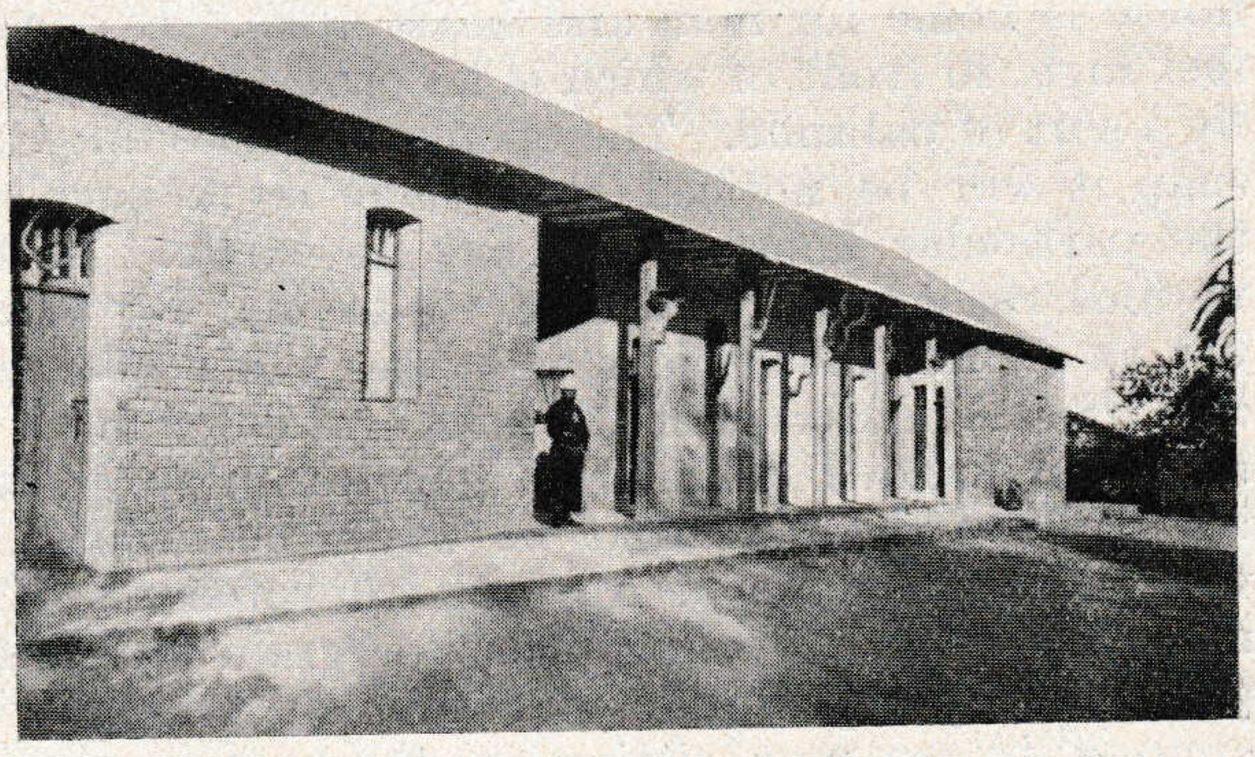
That is, or may be, an advantage. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the standard of living and the type of the native house are extremely primitive. Western ideas of comfort and hygiene are penetrating very, very slowly. Apart from the handful who have had a better education and more immediate contact with Europeans, such as our school-teacher, clerks in the District Office, etc., the natives live in what to our eyes is nothing less than a state of squalor. The house is home for man and beast alike. It consists of a hut about four or five feet high, in front of which is an open space, five or six yards square, surrounded by a sort of palisade. The open space does duty as a byre. In the accompanying snap it will be noticed that there is no such open-space—an indication that the particular house-holder has no cattle. In some parts of the country, for various reasons—presence of tse-tse fly, for example, there may be no cattle, but as a rule, the African possesses a few head at least. The house, both walls and roof, is constructed of sticks and dried mud. The art of building these huts has been handed down from generation to generation, and they are not quite the haphazard affairs that we would be inclined to imagine. They are built to withstand the force of torrential downpours. The roof, flat, caked with dried mud, serves as a storing place for grain and food of various kinds—frequently protected by a primitive scarecrow such as may be seen in the "snap." I was amused to see men sitting on the roof in the cool of the evening—discussing the affairs of the day. After all, one cannot sit with any degree of comfort in a four-foot high house, and a flat roof is very inviting. Apart from the danger

A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE.
Notice the food suspended on the roof.

of coming into violent contact with what serves as a ceiling, there are other drawbacks to a house party. There is no chimney, nor are there any windows, the only opening being the entrance. Smoke from the fire has no escape except through the door and the roof; the resulting atmosphere can be easily imagined. The heavy smoke does not seem to inconvenience the Natives in any way. The smell of wood smoke clings about them all the time though, which is a good thing in a way.

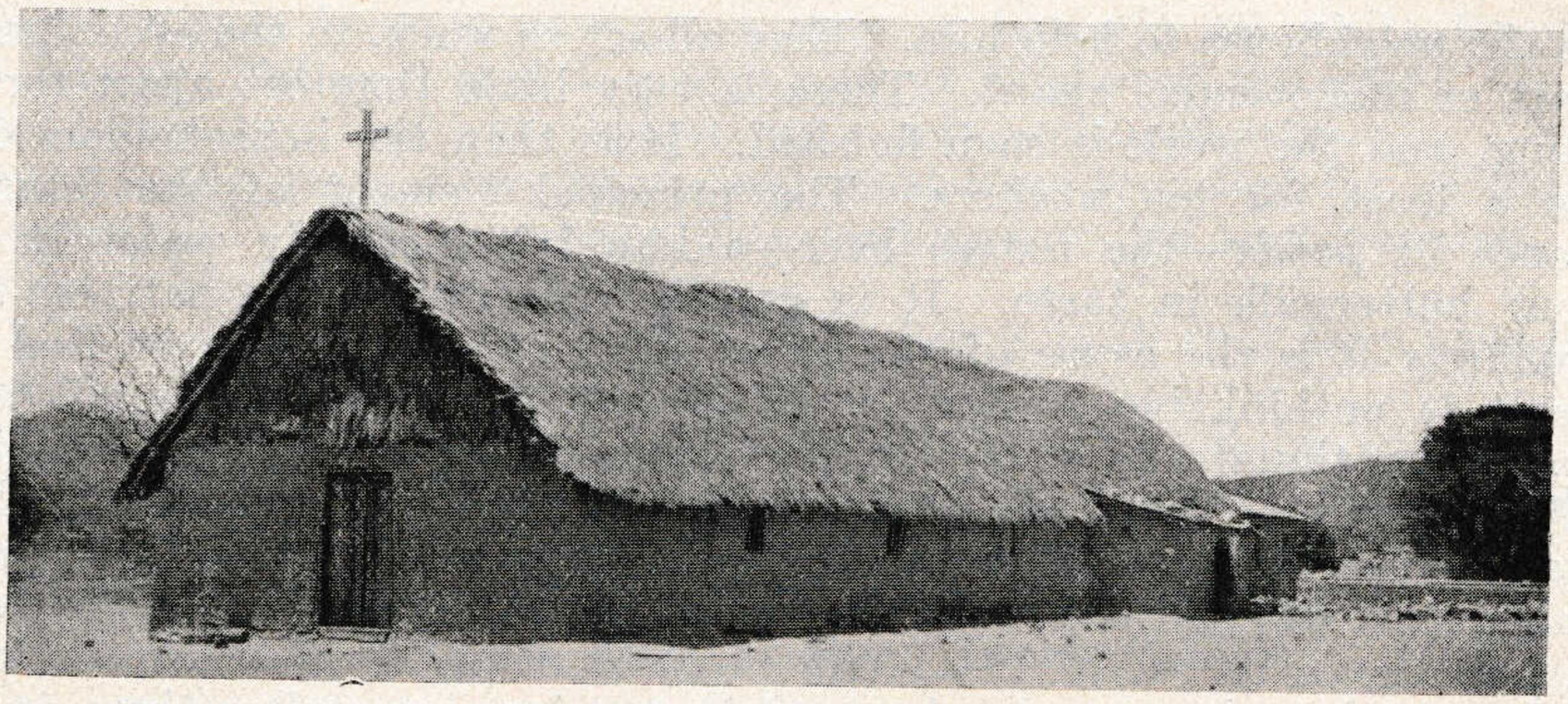
House furniture is practically non-existent. The floor serves as table, chair and bed, there are the necessary cooking utensils, and perhaps a few boxes. Besides, every house has its mortar and pestle for pounding grain. The mortar is hewn out of a tree trunk. The one on the left of the "snap" is typical. Every day the rice, maize, millet or whatever is being used for the day's cooking is pounded. Afterwards a sort of porridge is made of it. This is seasoned with whatever may be in the "larder" in the shape of vegetables, meat, fish, home-made sauce, etc. Nine times out of ten, the larder is empty, and the only seasoning is a good appetite. The ordinary native lives on the border-line of starvation, and it takes very little to place him on the wrong side of the line. For example, it is quite possible that this year there will be many faced with famine. There was comparatively little rain up to the beginning of March, and those who delayed their sowing will in all likelihood pay the penalty of their procrastination. There are always some who simply refuse to profit by the lesson of a famine, and act in exactly the same way the following year. "Bado"—later on—is probably the most frequently used word in the Swahili language. The first meal is taken about mid-day, and the second in the evening. It is usual for our Altar-servers to come to the church before six o'clock in the morning. After Mass they remain for school, which finishes at half-past twelve, might then play around the Mission for another half-hour or so and then drift slowly homewards to eat their first meal of the day. I have said that the floor of the house serves as bed as well as table and chair. When night falls a skin is placed on the floor to serve as bedstead, mattress, sheets, pillows and bed-clothes. Certainly not a very comfortable bed, but, as I have already mentioned, Western ideas of comfort are penetrating here very, very slowly.

At home we expect houses to be on the side of the road, or to have some sort of a road or boreen leading to them. Here they just seem to be set down in the middle of nowhere. It is to be expected, of course that the



MISSION STATION AT KURIO.
Exterior of the House.

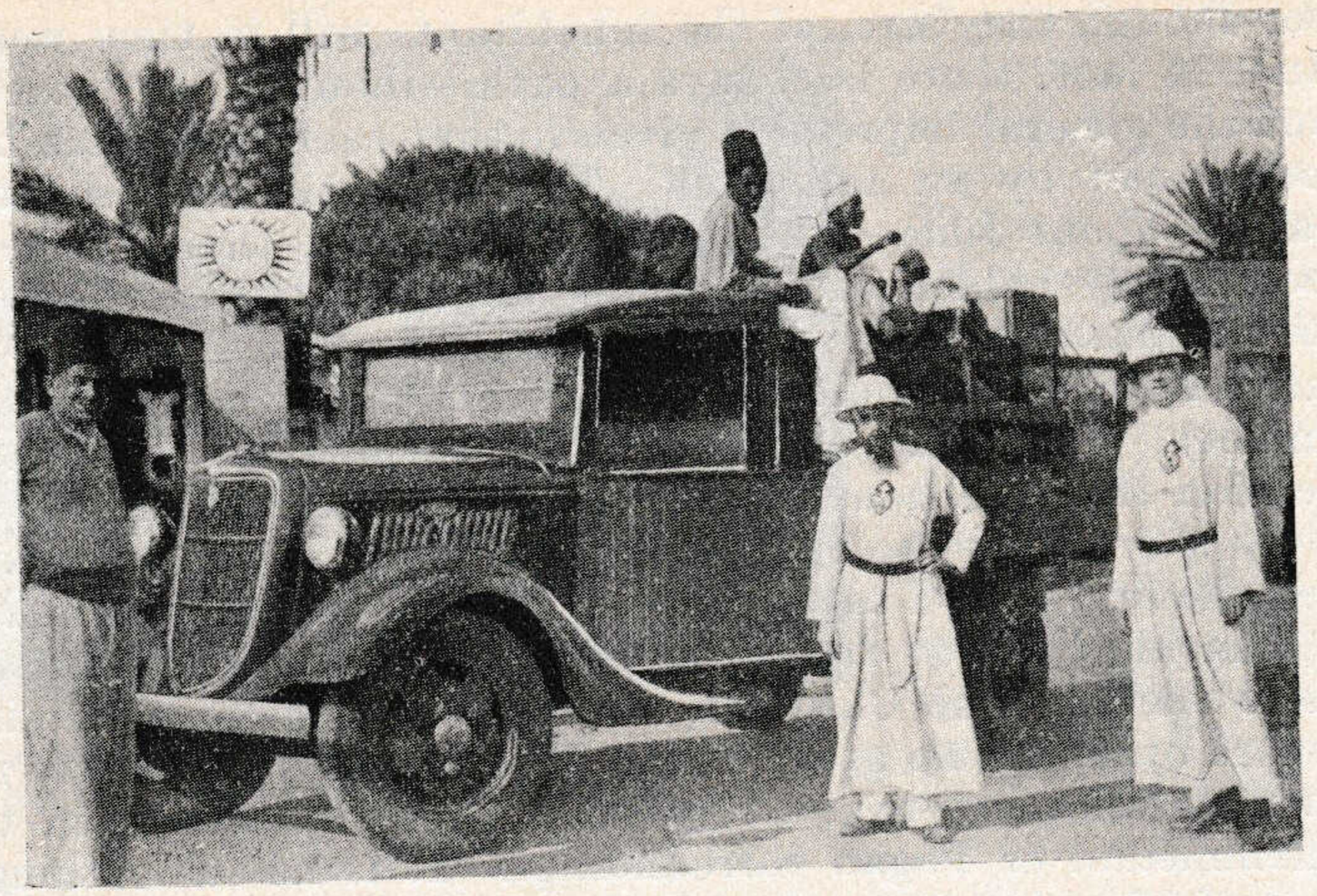
feet, bare feet though they are, of the inhabitants will in time wear some sort of a path, and, in fact, there is always a path—about a foot wide—leading to the house, but the general impression given is that each house has been dropped in its particular spot by an aeroplane. This is particularly so at the end of the rainy season—about June—when the millet is more than six feet high. The houses are completely hidden then and the paths are bordered on each side by towering plant stalks. A walk along these paths at such a time takes on an element of adventure. One could never tell what might be lurking in the forest of *mtama* (millet)! or around what corner there might lie hidden a house. I forgot to mention that the houses of Christians are very definitely marked out from others by a cross on the roof—over the door. I was surprised and very much touched the first time I saw a Christian house with its wooden cross, about a foot high, marking it out from its neighbours. Usually Christians live in groups; where there is one Christian house there is almost certain to be two or three or more others at no great distance. But quite frequently it happens—for one reason or another—that a Christian house is isolated in the midst of entirely Mohammedan or Pagan surroundings. It is no little thing to plant a cross on the roof of such a house—a challenge to Pagan and Mohammedan, and a Sign that the inhabitants are, and wish to be known as, different from their



THE CHURCH AT KURIO, KONDOA, IRANGI.
View of the exterior.

neighbours. After a time one would come to expect some such definite badge of Christianity. The Christians profess their faith openly. The fact that a good many of them wear their Rosary beads around their necks might be explained otherwise than by a desire to make a parade of their religion—very often they have no place else to carry them, except in their hands—but the fact remains that they have no hesitation in proclaiming themselves Christians at every opportunity. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are in Catholic Ireland, but it is easy to find an excuse for the exception here, which is not always so in the Catholic surroundings of home.

But to get back to the house. Every house-holder cultivates a piece of land. When the ground is sufficiently softened by the early rains—say at the end of December or at the beginning of January, he goes out with his *jembe*—a sort of hoe—and digs the ground. The digging process is not at all like that of an Irish farmer. The *jembe* is used like a pick-axe. In fact it is a source of great amusement to the native to see the spade and foot operation. That is when he has sufficiently got over his astonishment at finding out that a European can dig, to allow the entry of any other sensation. Very often if the piece of ground—generally referred to as *Shamba*—is more than he can manage himself,



TRAVELLING IN TANGANYIKA.
Two Missionaries about to set out on a journey by lorry.

he gets the neighbours to help him. They all set to work, to the accompaniment of a sort of monotonous chant. There is very little time set apart for eating or resting, and the work is soon finished. It is then the householders duty to provide a feast for his workers. The principal element of the feast is an abundance of *pombe*—the native beer—a liquid like muddy water in colour, and sour buttermilk in taste. It is greatly relished by the natives, though, unfortunately it is the cause of almost as many rows as poteen or Red Biddy. The feast is unthinkable without a dance, and thereafter the night is made hideous by continual and nerve-racking drumming—the orchestra—reminiscent of Belfast in July. When the sowing is finished the rain and sun do the rest. One can almost see the green shoots pushing up through the sandy soil and stretching from day till day until they form the tall stalks that I have already mentioned.

With regard to house—*shamba*—and possessions generally, there is a very interesting aspect of native mentality to which A. B. Hellier calls attention in his revised edition of Steere's *Swahili Exercises*. The quotation can serve as a conclusion to the present article. Properly speaking there is no verb "to have" in the Swahili language "by translating the verb "to be with" as if it were the verb "to have," we are in danger of grafting the European idea of possession on to the Bantu root "*Na*," which only connotes association; and this is the chief harm which is befalling the Bantu himself through the impact of our civilization. From contact with civilization or rather with that tragedy of concupiscence which is known as the sanctity of private property (!) the Bantu is becoming covetous, acquisitive and mean; but on his own native hearth he is a simple fellow, undoubtedly far too happy-go-lucky to have heard of thrift, but ready to share his all with anyone who comes within the bounds of his own community limits. Ready also in his own need to rely upon the bounty of his fellows within the same limits and to the same extent. Even his own plot of land he regards as his own only by association through labour which is necessary to produce crops; and so far from claiming any ownership of it in our sense, such an idea never occurred to him until the colossal stupidity of alien statesmen fastened upon him land laws which were framed to meet entirely different conditions" (*Swahili Exercises*, Ed. Steere; revised and partly re-written by A. B. Hellier, M.A.).

Our Lady of Consolation

A. N. WRIGHTSON

About twenty worshippers knelt before the Madonna . . . roughly-clad shepherds and toil-stained diggers of the soil, with their womenfolk displaying the usual brightly-coloured scarf as a head-covering. I noticed tears in the eyes of many : : : : : :

WITH feelings of delight, not unmixed with a little awe and curiosity, I trudged up the rocky slope that led through purple vineyards to the Commune of San Mariano, nestling among the Alban Hills. I expected to meet there a live modern saint. I knew that he had princely blood in his veins, that he might have been a great prelate, a Cardinal in fact. I knew also that he preferred his own way of life, in poverty and solitude among a handful of the poorest of the poor peasants.

I came upon him one October afternoon. In a rough black and somewhat tattered habit of the Passion, sandals over his bare feet, his snowy hair surmounted by a ludicrous skull-cap, he was manipulating a watering-can in his sixteen yards square plot. He was an old man with the face of a youth, and his dark eyes beamed with good humour beneath his white brows.

"Good-day, Father," said I, peering in at him over the gate.

"Good-day, my son," he replied, in a soft, cultured tone.

"Come inside, for you are dusty and must have travelled far. Come inside and rest awhile." He opened the gate leading into his tiny paradise.

"What a beautiful garden!"

"Ah, it is nothing. It is far too small. But it is all that they have left me. Look at my vine! It is ready for the vintage."

"Magnificent!" I replied. "And do you tend it all by yourself?"

"Yes! it is my one hobby and recreation," he went on, with a twinkle in his big brown eyes. "And just feel the weight of that pumpkin! Is it not a beauty?"

I felt it carefully—a green giant of about twelve pounds.

"You are an expert I can see, Padre."

"Indeed, I am nothing of the sort. But come inside for a little moment and I shall fetch you a glass of wine."

"*Grazie tante*!" I replied, and sauntered through a riot of beans and roses scarlet tomatoes and purple hollyhocks, whose charms Padre Giuseppe pointed out with much enthusiasm.

"This is our monastery," said he, with a lordly wave of his hand, his kind eyes twinkling with good humour. He then showed me through three scantily-furnished cells, stone-paved and white-washed, at the end of a prison-bare corridor. "The Italians have taken the rest of the Convento and have turned it into a hospital for fevers."

I followed him and sat down in his humble cell. The furniture was made up of a hard bed, a couple of chairs, a book-case, a prie-dieu decorated with a statuette of his Patron, St. Joseph, and a few unframed religious prints. Padre Giuseppe went off to look for refreshments and soon returned with a straw-covered flask of red wine and a plate of biscuits and fruit. He poured out the thin local beverage into the two glasses, and raising his towards me with a courtly old-world bow, wished me "Good health." "*Salute*," I answered, whilst we clinked our glasses.

"You will find me fairly busy to-day" observed the old priest, because to-morrow is our great Festa."

"Then I am in luck" I replied.

"Yes indeed!" said the Father, simply, "for our Madonna will be carried through the village to-morrow in a grand procession. It is my one day of days. But a stranger like you have perhaps never even heard of 'Our Lady of Consolation'."

"Indeed!" I answered, with feeling, "the whole world will soon be singing her praises. I shall certainly be privileged to join you in keeping such a joyful Feast. Perhaps our Mother will give a poor wanderer some gift of grace and peace."

"She has never failed me yet in all my troubles and sorrows—and they have not been few," said the old Passionist, devoutly kissing his rosary. "There will be a most stately procession, High Mass, and Benediction in the evening. *Bello, bello*! Beautiful!" he repeated, and tossed his quaint skull-cap into the air in his enthusiasm. I was scarcely able to repress a smile at the boyish spirits of the simple old saint.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"I have lived in this cell for over twenty years. When I was Rector of a large community of the Discalced Clerks, the officials came and took all from me, bit by bit. First my Passionist Brethren; then our garden and our monastery. They left me the church and our sweet Madonna. So the good God will forgive them. Now you must come and visit the church."

I rose and followed the slow steps of the bent old priest through the deserted choir, where the gaunt and dust-laden stalls bore silent testimony to the times when Passionist Novices chanted the Divine Office day and night in reparation for the neglect of poor bleeding sin-worn humanity.

"*Ecco*!" We emerged from the choir and found ourselves in the peaceful sanctuary. We knelt for a moment before the Great Presence, then Padre Giuseppe took my arm and began to display his treasures. "This altar was given by the Duke of Genzano. That chapel by the Marquis of Tivoli for his wife's tomb. . . ." I followed him with eagerness past these magnificent works of great artists, towards a corner of the church, gay with lights and flowers.

"Ah, here is our Madonna!" The old man approached with reverence to the shrine, and whilst we knelt before it I had a good opportunity of carefully appraising his pride and joy, his treasure, and the treasure of the humble and the poor.

How am I to describe the venerated statue of Our Lady of Consolation? Life-size, clad in a truly gorgeous white satin wedding-dress that had once adorned a Countess of San Mariano's nuptials; it was even now sparkling with gold and jewels. At first sight I was inclined to smile at the figure of Our Lady, for it was not unlike the simple dolls in which our grandmothers used to delight, Very red cheeks and lips, bright blue eyes and fair corkscrew curls peeped out beneath a lovely lace veil, all surmounted by a jewelled crown. The Divine Child was in her arms, extending His little hands in blessing.

When I remembered that this image had inflamed and nourished the piety of generations of the faithful, and when I saw the lips of the saintly old Passionist moving in prayer for me—perhaps—I felt a slight pang of remorse. For the face of that Madonna will ever be sweet to me. As I knelt beside the old priest and whispered my "Hail Mary," I began to understand Padre Giuseppe and the poor and simple peasantry better than all the tourists and other superior critics who infest Italy and degrade her people in their shallow judgments.

About twenty worshippers knelt before the Madonna . . . . roughly-clad shepherds and toil-stained diggers of the soil, with their womenfolk displaying the usual brightly-coloured scarf as a head-covering—healthy, brown-skinned, bright-eyed peasantry. There they knelt on the hard ground, beating their breasts, pouring forth a torrent of prayer and praise to Her who is "our life, our sweetness and our hope." I noticed tears in the eyes of many. They rose

to kiss the hand of Padre Giuseppe and to seek his blessing. After a devout genuflexion, and when one of the younger girls had thrown a kiss towards the Tabernacle, they slowly left for their poor homes to eat their frugal meal of Indian corn-porridge and sour bread and wine. The Father gave me to understand that, for a few pence a day, these good peasants worked from three o'clock in the morning to sunset. Yet more than one of them spared a penny for a votive taper in honour of the Mother of Him Who like themselves was once well accustomed to taste the cup of toil and poverty.

"Your Madonna is beautiful, beautiful!" I exclaimed to the delighted old priest.

"She is! she is!" he replied, with fervour, "but wait until to-morrow. Ah, then! . . . ."

So he left me; to enter his confessional for the glorious task of binding up the broken threads of these poor lives, of restoring to the right paths the feet of those weak ones who had slipped and fallen in the awful hourly struggle against all the powers of hell and eternal death.

II.

I had but little repose that night in my neat chamber in the small "Osteria di San Pantaleone," which provided a splendid view of the valley beneath. Shortly after midnight I was aroused by the sound of distant music, and as it grew louder I could make out the words *Ora pro nobis*. It was the first band of pilgrims arriving on foot from a distant village. Thereafter the night was filled with hymns and litanies. From all sides gaily-dressed orderly processions trudged up the slope, country folk attired in green, blue and red, some carrying long pilgrim staves. I could see them from my window as they streamed in, their torches glowing like fireflies dancing up the hillside.

Exhausted though they must have been by their long march, the music never ceased for a moment; some man or woman continued to raise a hymn or litany each time there was any sign of flagging. The monotonous *Oras* and the lively *O Santa Vergine, prega per me* flowed on like the ceaseless waves of the sea, and seemed to have an exciting effect on the masses who now began to collect outside the church. They fell on their knees before the door, singing and shouting *Evviva Maria*! clapping hands or breaking into the petitions of the Rosary. I returned to snatch a few hours of sleep, lulled to rest by the soft strains of their pilgrim songs. I was rudely awakened by a terrific explosion. However, I was quickly reassured by the frantic cheers of the crowds, mingled with the peal of chimes which poured out of the Campanile. It was the "Angelus," the pilgrim's good-morning salute to the Queen of Heaven on the dawning of her October Festival. What a din! Shot after shot was fired, peal after peal rang out and then the *Oras* and the *Aves*. Feeling something of the excitement of the moment I hurried down and witnessed the crowds gliding into the church. Of all ages, old men and little laughing children, sturdy youths and stout matrons—in they poured. The women were arrayed in the gayest of costumes, long veils covered their dark tresses, their gold ear-rings, their coral and amber necklaces. The men were mostly dressed in corduroys and bright cravats, and some wore curious sandals bound to their legs by leather thongs. On they glided towards the altar where Our Lady of Consolation was smiling so peacefully, surrounded by flowers and tapers innumerable. With wonderful energy they cried "*Evviva Maria*! *Grazie Maria*!" handkerchiefs and hats waving high in the air. All around the church they knelt in an ecstasy of devotion. It was an awe-inspiring sight After an early Mass the procession began to form.

Padre Giuseppe was in a great state of excitement and delight, running hither and thither, giving contradictory orders, encouraging and blessing all. The statue was carried on a portable altar by a confraternity clad in white habits,

with blue cloaks and hoods. After them came the Brothers of the Blessed Sacrament, arrayed in scarlet robes and looking as splendid as Cardinals. Many tiny acolytes in red soutanes and snowy cottas whispered and giggled as boys will all the world over. A group of small girls in white veils, their dark curls encircled with wreaths of wild flowers, scattered sweet-smelling herbs and flower-petals; in their train marched proudly several wee babies clothed in the habits of different Religious Orders: Passionists, Dominicans, Franciscans and others. There was a St. John the Baptist with his lamb and banner, complete with his furry camel's hair dress. The Fire Brigade, in gala uniform of orange and blue adorned with huge epaulettes and dangling swords, were under the command of the *Sindaco* or mayor, a grocer in private life, but on this occasion was decorated as a Field-Marshal at a review.

As the Cross-Bearer emerged from the church the mortars were fired-off and the bells broke forth in a deafening chorus. On all sides the peasants knelt, raising their hands heavenwards. The spectacle was dazzling to the eye. The myriad tapers, white, red, blue and black habits, the great silk "umbrellina," and above all, the wonderful expressions on all faces presented a sight never to be forgotten. The band in full glory of red and gold, struck up a lively march, and so the great procession went on its triumphal way; through narrow, tortuous streets decorated with festoons of green leaves and paper roses . . . . even the poorest hovels were gay with coloured table-cloths hanging over the windows.

Returning to the church amidst a salvo of cannons and a fresh outburst of bells Padre Giuseppe celebrated *Missa Cantata*, not in the least flustered by the din. The rails were thronged by a merry band of urchins, of about three years and over, who kept up a perpetual chatter until silence was obtained by the celebrant leaving the altar to cuff their curly heads. The Brass Band outside never ceased, and the Consecration was signalled by another series of loud explosions, whilst the bells vied with the bassoons in creating an ear-splitting din. After Mass hymns were sung, litanies recited and cheer upon cheer raised in Our Lady's honour. . . . . It all seemed so natural and spontaneous, for our peasants are quite at home in their Father's House.

In the Piazza or square outside the church, a fair was held. Here one could buy anything from a pig roast whole to an amber bangle or an alarm clock. The inevitable "Tombola" or sweepstake, and a thrilling display of fireworks, formed a fitting close to a busy day. Then all prepared to return home to their hum-drum work-a-day world, blessed and refreshed at this oasis in the desert of their toil and poverty.

Padre Giuseppe's eyes were beaming when I congratulated him on the success of his Festa. "Ah," he said, passing me his old horn snuff-box: "What you saw was but little after all. The real consolation brought by the Madonna was the return of poor sinners to the peace promised by the Divine Jesus, her Son. During this Feast how many have written *finis* to years of infamy and shame? How many tears and sighs have reached Heaven from weary and contrite hearts? Year by year October brings the same message from the Son through the lips of Our Mother: 'Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavily burdened and I will refresh you'."

That is the secret of the old priest's joy. That is why he is happy in his poor cell, in poverty and solitude, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

May I, and you too, find this peace at the feet of Our Lady of Consolation

Spiritual Privileges

All the promoters and supporters of this Magazine participate in the benefits of 434 Masses specially offered every year for benefactors, by the Passionist Fathers, as well as in the prayers and good works performed daily by all members of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion.

A Witness to Truth

E. H. INMAN

If he failed in the hour of trial, his failure would be the failure of a nation. But if he stood firm, his example would but emphasise the truth for which he stocd, and encourage those who came after him to face his cross and his calvary

ST. THOMAS MORE,
Lord Chancellor of England.
Canonised by Pope Pius XI: May 19th, 1935.

THE nature of the sacrifice of Saint Thomas More is difficult to re-create, for we look back through nearly four hundred years, and can scarcely appreciate the time in which he lived. St. Thomas More gave his life, gave it willingly, gave it gladly, for one article of Catholic belief which at that time had not been clearly defined because he believed it to be part of the revelation of Christ.

Let it not be imagined that he made his decision in haste, that he was not competent to make a decision, for by his brilliant wit and scholarship he had won for himself universal admiration.

Faced with the question as to whether the Supremacy of the Pope was of divine origin, or man-made, for a time he hesitated, but after a thorough examination he found the evidence so much in favour of a divine origin, that as a judge without bias he could not but decide in favour of St. Peter and his successors. His decision made, he adhered to it despite the pleading of his wife and friends, and this fact, his firmness to truth, forced him to sacrifice even those he loved most dearly, but he did not flinch, bitter though this must have been.

So far as the succession to the throne of Anne's child was concerned he was willing to accept the decree of parliament, but on the question of the Supremacy he remained immovable.

To the mass of the people of his day religion appeared unaltered, and Thomas More was forced to face alone, with the exception of Bishop Fisher, without the moral support even of his friends, his belief in the prerogatives of Christ's vicar on earth.

It must be emphasised that he was no crank, no bigot, for born as he was at the ebb of the middle ages he had acted in the fullest sense as a reformer.

He had denounced the many abuses which existed amongst clerics and religions, but he clearly distinguished between the rank growth of laxity, and the trunk of the tree of Christ, and whilst he did his utmost to wipe out the abuses he never for a moment allowed his enthusiasm to attack the tree in place of the weeds.

Not for one moment did he succumb to the intellectual lasciviousness of Luther, or the lure of a golden age of liberty free from the restraint of the laws of the Church.

How great was his sacrifice, how great his determination, how deep his faith, may be gauged from the fact, that it would have been a simple matter for him to have accepted the oath, and passed his responsibility on to the hierarchy of Bishops. Had he done so, he would have been honoured by the king as no man before him had been honoured, and been applauded by his friends, and congratulated by the whole of the English Court.

St. Thomas More set aside personal ambition, and refused to be tempted by the world, for he knew that in England, in fact in the world, he was looked upon as a leader, and that his example would constitute for the general public a law of right or wrong.

He carried upon his back England and Christendom, and it was this awful responsibility which made him a willing victim in the cause of truth. If he failed in the hour of trial, his failure would be the failure of a nation, but if he stood firm his example would but emphasise the truth for which he stood, and encourage those who came after him to face his cross and his calvary. Can it be doubted that the stream of martyrs who subsequently shed their blood for the Faith were not stimulated by his faith, his example, his confidence?

Let us not forget when we are looking back to see the effects of his great sacrifice, to realise that every new church, every new convert, the rise of religious learning and Catholic consciousness, spring from him and the great company of his fellows who watered England with their blood.

But to him, though it may be possible that he and those like him possessed some vision of the future, nevertheless the cold actuality of prison and death; the apparent indifference of the world must have pierced him night and day during those fifteen dreary months in Beauchamp Tower, and to the sombre reality of suffering how small a gleam of hope for England and Christianity must the knowledge of the king's passion, and the waywardness of Luther have brought to him.

Like his Master he must have endured Gethsemani, and drunk to the dregs the chalice of desolation. The greatest part of his sacrifice was his utter loneliness; the complete absence of support, and the knowledge that to his very nearest and dearest he was a fool to defend a Catholic truth with his own life. We can understand something of his sacrifice, for the world, though modern, is filled with the clamour of civil strife and religious persecution, and the viciousness of pre-Christian paganism seems to re-echo in our own day.

Never was there a time when the Christian world had greater need of the example of a man like St. Thomas More, and the Church ever divinely inspired, ever conscious of the needs of her people, has recently solemnized his canonisation as an antidote to the forces of irreligion. St. Thomas More sacrificed his life on earth to reign with Christ in heaven, and in the exquisite joy of hallowed liberty, he will not forget us, who with him, are one in the Fellowship of Christ.

Last Minute Miracle

KATHLEEN BROWN

Her gasp of wonder made me turn to her. But her eyes were fixed upon my hand—the maimed one with its clenched grasp which had not opened for years. And each finger was spread wide. Mine . . . and I was so unworthy!

I never had much time for prayer at any time, and why I should have been forced into that particular pilgrimage beats me. But Bill Muldoon was like that; once he got an idea into his head, nothing would knock it out, and he had decided that I should go to Lourdes. Bill really wanted to go on that pilgrimage himself. I saw how disappointed he was when he heard that he had to work at the office to relieve Old Jenkins, who always took ill on any important occasion. But nothing worried Bill for long, and he was quite cheery on the day he literally thrust that ticket into my hand.

I tell you I looked at him pretty queerly when he offered it, but I really gave him the benefit of the doubt that it wasn't the hope of a cure for my maimed hand which rushed me into that trip. In fact, when I suggested as much, he roared with laughter.

"Not likely, my boy!" Bill was Irish, you know. "It's more than many good Catholics hope for, and they pray mighty hard, too. You're neither good nor a Catholic, so I'm not building my hopes on that."

His face wore such a grin for hours afterwards that I wished I had not mentioned the stupid thought.

But as usual Bill got his own way, and there I was at Victoria Station, London, at 5.30 on a July evening, feeling a bit out of things. I always was a queer stick, though. I hadn't the knack of making friends. That's why I was so fond of Bill. He used to drag me to all sorts of places and make me join in the fun. Maybe I did that a bit more quickly than usual, because I didn't feel the least bit shy amongst those strangers. My compartment was occupied by three girls and five men, including myself. Right from the start we all became friendly. Indeed we all agreed to get together in the French train.

We were a cheery lot, but the cheeriest of all was Leila Thomas. She had the loveliest eyes . . . . I cannot describe them . . . . it wasn't their colour nor yet their size, although they were very big and very blue, but there was a wistful light shining in them. Her poor little foot was encased in a long black boot with iron sides.

Leila and I were the only semi-invalids in our compartment, so maybe that was why we became such good friends. I found myself doing little services for her, and some of them weren't so easy, real heavy weight lifting and all that. When I tried to explain about my hand she just looked at me with pleading eyes, and I'm dashed but those physical impossibilities became, if not easy, at any rate possible. For the first time since the war, I felt I was not such a useless fool.

I enjoyed that train journey from London to the South of England. It was dark when we boarded the boat at Folkestone, and nearly everybody went below. I thought I'd take a walk on deck, for Leila wasn't down there. And sure enough I spied her all alone, gazing towards the shores of France. I thought she wasn't too pleased to see me when I joined her; at any rate she started, and it seemed as if I'd wakened her from a dream. But she would not be coaxed to the warmth downstairs. She just kept looking towards France.

We began talking, and I learned a great deal about her. She kept house for her only brother, who was studying pretty hard, it seemed, to become a doctor.

She told me they had both planned and skimped for this trip, but the boy had been ill for six long weeks, and his final examination was too near to permit his going. I could see by the way she talked that she doted on Jack, for if all things she told me were true, he must have been a gifted young man. Anyway I thought he was lucky having her for a sister.

Naturally, I took no part in the prayers they said on the journey, and I fell to watching Leila at these times. There was something about her, a mysterious radiance which she somehow suppressed. It was as if she knew an extraordinary event were about to happen, but was trying to hide it.

Of course, I couldn't be expected to share the enthusiasm of the rest when we reached Lourdes, but I will admit I got a bit excited, too. As for Leila, I couldn't see her eyes. She was looking out of the window when the train stopped, and was quiet for the first time since we began the journey.

I suppose it is only natural that a place like Lourdes develops atmosphere. And Leila blossomed in it. Her eyes glowed, and that hidden something kept peeping from them.

The love that was shared in that town ! I watched the cripples being lifted tenderly and saw the expectancy or resignation on their faces. No one could remain unmoved in the face of things. It made me think I really wasn't the atheist Bill said I was.

I saw a lot of Leila, too. She was a bit like Bill, because she insisted on my joining the crowd. I'd have been lonely if I hadn't joined them.

That blazing day we climbed the twisted steep hill they called the road to Calvary. It was hard work for me in the broiling heat, but for Leila, with that foot ! I saw the beads of sweat on her forehead. They damped her hair into curls around her face. But it was her eyes that kept me going on without grumbling. I wanted to be in at the finish. Dashed if she didn't have me believe something was going to happen, and I . . . well . . . I thought I'd like to see her eyes when the radiance would shine through. But that day passed, and nothing happened.

* * * * *

There is no twilight in France. It is daylight, and in ten minutes, darkness. I sat on the steps of the Hotel on the last night. Those eyes of Leila haunted me. I walked from the Hotel towards the Grotto, but I could not find her there. Somewhere Leila was praying to her God. I stood watching the torchlight procession. Germans, French, British . . . they all passed singing their hymn in their own language. They all loved the Mother of God. What a beautiful thought ! All I could hear was " Ave ! Ave ! " It drummed in my head, but most of the time my thoughts were with Leila.

At last I saw her. She was disappearing into the Hotel and her little foot dragged, and her shoulders drooped. So her prayer had gone unanswered. " Poor little fool ! " I thought cynically. But the thought hurt. I did not try to see her that night. I had wanted to see her happy, and I was such a hopeless fool when it came to comforting anyone.

It was on the morning of leaving that it happened, and sometimes I wonder at the stupidity of my thoughts that kept me from seeing it sooner. Her utter unselfishness should have made it clear.

Tap, tap, tap. It was the sound of her iron boot on the polished floor. I looked out of the window and towards the hills, but her footsteps stopped at my door. She certainly had not given up hope, judging by the cheery voice as she called : " Come along, Ben. Time for a last prayer."

I complied as usual, but I knew then that there was simply no hope of a cure for her foot. She was in the gayest of spirits as we walked towards the Grotto. She hadn't lost that air of suppressed excitement either, and that made me sad.

I found it easy to pray. . . . I, who hadn't prayed for years. . . . I begged "Our Lady" so fervently, to grant Leila her wish.

It was her gasp which made me turn to her. There on her knees, with the morning sun glinting on her golden hair, I saw her face, with the radiance shining in her eyes. Until I die, I shall never forget the glory of her look.

But her eyes were fixed on my hand, the maimed one with its clenched grasp which had not opened for years. And each finger was spread wide. My God! Mine . . . . and I was so unworthy!

"I knew it, Ben! I prayed so hard. Oh! . . . ." There were tears in Leila's eyes as she spoke.

Can you believe it? I haven't quite realized it yet. And I move my fingers wide to feel the power of strong fingers again.

* * * * *

Bill Muldoon was awed when I showed him my hand. But you can't awe Bill for long, and he grinned all over when I asked him to act as best man at the wedding. Of course, he agreed, but I don't think he was quite prepared for my next words, for he gasped quite audibly when I said:

"Leila wanted a quiet wedding, but I would like a big one, organ and flowers and all that, and Leila in a white dress and veil."

The truth is I don't want Leila to wear a hat. For after all there's just a chance that I'll see the radiance flashing once more in her eyes, on her wedding morn.

Passionist Missions and Retreats

AUTUMN SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

The following are amongst the Missions and Retreats given by the Passionist Fathers of St. Patrick's Province in the months of September and October :—

Caledon, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Vivian.
Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare	Fr. Terence.
Campbeltown, Argyle, Scotland	Fr. Owen.
Gurteen, Co. Sligo	FF. Austin and Gerard.
Keash, Ballymote, Co. Sligo	FF. Austin and Celsus.
Patrician Brothers, Mountrath	Fr. Gerard.
Carmelite Brothers, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin	Fr. Colman.
St. Andrew's Convent, Hawick, Scotland	Fr. Austin.
Archconfraternity, Mount Argus, Dublin (Men)	Fr. Richard.
Do. do. do. (Women)	Fr. Vincent.
Do. Ardoyne, Belfast (Men)	Fr. Hilary.
Do. do. do. (Women)	Fr. Pascal.
Juniorate, Christian Brothers, Bray	Fr. Gerard.
Do. do. Baldoyle	Fr. Vivian.
Do. Marist Brothers, Dumfries, Scotland	Fr. Cyprian.
Nurses, Jervis Street Hospital, Dublin	Fr. Austin.
Do. Mater Hospital, Belfast	Fr. Edmund.
E. de M., Drumalis, Larne, Co. Antrim	Fr. Hilary.
Do. do. do. do. (2nd Retreat)	Fr. Daniel.
Do. Meelick, Co. Mayo	Fr. Gerard.
Do. Durrow, Leix	Fr. Frederick.
Do. Howth, Co. Dublin	Fr. Austin.
Do. Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin	Fr. Casimir.
Do. do. Crumlin Road, Dublin	Fr. Edmund.
Do. Reparatrice Convent, Merrion Square, Dublin	Fr. Austin.
Inmates, Nazareth House, Glasgow	Fr. Albert.
Boarders, Bothwell Convent, Glasgow	Fr. Timothy.
Children, Dalbeith Convent, Glasgow	Fr. Peter Paul.

Mother of Divine Grace

REV. FR. VIVIAN, C.P.

Since Mary co-operated in the acquisition of the fruits of Redemption it would seem only right that she should have some share in their distribution. In what way does she fulfil this role?

MARY, MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE.

"MIGHTY is the power of Motherhood." The phrase was written by an ancient poet, whose peculiar art was to express the most sublime truths in the simplest words. The mother is mighty in the chief function of her office—the giving of life; mighty in her sacrifices for her offspring; mighty, too, in her solicitude and love. But motherhood is not understood, and mothers are neglected by the lack of understanding. True of all human mothers, it is doubly true of her who is the Mother of the World.

Mary's Maternity, and by this I mean her maternal relationship with men, is not understood nor its implications fully appreciated. Christ did not use words in vain. They were used to express precisely and exactly the thought in His mind. What then, did He mean by the word "Mother" when from the Cross He said to St. John: "Son, Behold thy Mother?" Was it merely of title of tenderness, or did it really mean that life was to come to men through her, so that men could not be "born of the spirit" *except* through her? After they were born, were the duties of motherhood to be so real, that her nourishment and solicitude were to be necessary to growth and development? In the home-life of the Church on earth was she to be the universal Almoner, so that *every* grace and gift that comes to men was to come through her dispensation and direct intervention?

These are the questions that Fr. Le Rohellec sets out to answer in his book, *Mary, the Mother of Grace.** "In the Litany of Loreto" he writes, "the Holy Virgin is invoked under the title of Mother of Divine Grace. What is the theological force of this expression which the Church puts into her liturgy and upon the lips of all the faithful? The following pages are an effort to answer that question." His book is divided into three sections, discussing separately

*"**Mary Mother of Divine Grace**," by Rev. Joseph Le Rohellec, C.S.Sp., translated by Rev. Stephen Rigby and Rev. Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. pp. 158—Price 3/6.

Mary's part in the Acquisition of Grace, in its Distribution, and with regard to the Grace of the Priesthood. This latter, to which he devotes fifteen pages, is by way of corollorary to his general thesis and is worthy of deep meditation. Her part in the Acquisition and Distribution of Grace is the main theme.

From earliest times Mary has been hailed the New Eve, who came to undo the harm that woman had wrought. God had used the same weapons to redeem us, as Satan had used to enslave us. As Eve had given the fruit that had brought damnation, so Mary was to give the Fruit of her Womb which would bring Salvation. "The unity of Divine Plan demanded that Mary should be associated with the new Adam as Eve had been associated with the first Adam. . . Eve had been a mediatrix of Death, Mary must be a Mediatrix of life." This mediation, however, in no way lessens or detracts from the mediation of the "one mediator between God and man," Jesus Christ Himself. "Mary has made satisfaction by a title of congruity or suitableness wherever Christ made satisfaction by a title of Justice, and has merited by a merit of suitability all that Christ has merited by a merit of Justice." Fr. Le Rohellec explains very clearly the nature of this mediation, and how Mary's title of Co-Redemptrix is to be understood. But while subordinating it to that of her Son, he doesn't rob it of its sublime dignity. By uniting her own immolation and suffering to that of her Son she obtained pardon for us and merited for us the friendship of God. In this way she became Mother of the Divine Life of Grace for all mankind.

Since Mary co-operated in the acquisition of the fruits of Redemption it would seem only right that she should have some part in distributing them. In what way does she fulfil this role? "The question" says Fr. Le Rohellec "is a delicate one." And delicately and beautifully does he treat it. He distinguishes two ways in which Mary shares in this distribution, "by meditation and intercession." The two ways are similar, but with this difference, that "meditation" applies to the past as well as the present and the future. "Intercession" implies the presence of an intercessor, and hence it can only avail for the present and the future. Using this distinction he explains the exact meaning of the phrase: "All graces come to us from Mary." "All graces" he writes "received from the Fall to the end of the world come to us by Her mediation; all graces from the Assumption come to us by her mediation and intercession together." "All Graces," here include even the graces bestowed through the Sacraments and those coming through the intercession of the saints. "We affirm" he says in another place, "that there is *no limit*, no *exception* to the universality of the mediation and intercession of the Holy Virgin. She is the Almoner in the distribution, *moment* by *moment*, *soul* by *soul*, of the gifts that come to us from Jesus."

Such in brief is the general outline of the thesis Fr. Rohellec sets himself to prove. He shows how it fits into the Harmony of the Divine Plan, and can be supported by Gospel incidents. His argument from tradition, the writings of the Fathers, the Liturgy and the pronouncements of the Popes, is a staggering array of facts that strike one dumb with wonder. One's knowledge of the Mother of God is bound to grow in the reading of a book such as this. The deepening conviction of her powerful intercession is bound to inspire trust and love, as well as the desire to see her proclaimed by the authoritative definition of the Church as "Mary, Mother of Grace and Almoner of all Divine Favours."

This review is not critical, as I don't think this is the proper place for such, even if the capability were mine. It is intended to set before the reader the outline of a *good* book on our Blessed Lady, which is not stinted in her praise or outlandish in its claims. It is a book for a "thoughtful lover" of Our Blessed Lady, who wants facts based on sound theology and the teaching of the Church, in order that his devotion may increase and his voice swell the chorus of the generations that call her Blessed.

"We Preach Christ Crucified"

"unto them that are called . . the power of God and the wisdom of God."

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXXIV.—JESUS PROMISES PARADISE TO A DYING THIEF.

The enemies of Jesus conceived the malicious design of crucifying Him between two criminals; thus they planned to degrade Him before the people, and blast His reputation to succeeding generations.

When Jesus was raised on the Cross, His prayer to His Father to forgive them, had evoked much derision from the priests who stood around indulging in blasphemy, while many of the crowd followed their lead, "wagging their heads and saying: 'Vah, Thou that destroyest the Temple of God and in three days dost rebuild it, save Thine own self. If Thou be the Son of God come down from the Cross'." . . . . Then as He made no movement, the priests jeered: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save" (Matt. XXVII, 39-42).

Then occurred a remarkable interruption recorded only by St. Luke: "And one of those robbers hanged with Him, blasphemed Him, saying: 'If Thou be the Son of God, save Thyself and us'."

"But the other answering, rebuked him, saying: 'Neither dost thou fear God, seeing thou art under a like condemnation; and we indeed justly; for we receive the reward of our deeds. But this Man hath done no evil.' And he said to Jesus: 'Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom.' And Jesus said to him: 'Amen I say to thee: this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise'" (Luke, XXIII, 39-43).

So the torture, indignity and blasphemy to which Jesus was subjected only, served to enhance His charity the more. He makes use of the malice of men to increase His glory. He turns a criminal into a penitent and preacher of His dignity, holiness, and divinity; and this converted thief so profits by the grace then given him, that he becomes worthy to enter paradise that day with Jesus.

The graces this robber received were, it is true, very special ones, granted on the great day of Redemption, *but the same graces were being poured over all that multitude.* Jesus had prayed to His Father to forgive them, and His prayer had been answered; forgiveness and grace had come. But few responded to it, and God converts no one against his will; the acceptance of grace must be man's own act.

The "good thief" had been a bad man. But he now uses his senses and thinks; he sees the wounds of Jesus, the blood flowing from the scourged body and nailed hands and feet; he sees how resigned and patient Jesus is, although innocent, and he **believes** in His Divinity. He hears that amazing prayer: "Father forgive them," and the excuse: "they know not what they do," and he **hopes** that even he may be included in it. He admires the spirit in which Jesus suffers, it is not bravado, it is love, and the thief's **charity** is aroused—first to pity, then to defend and honour Jesus: He rebuked his wicked

companion, and before all that scoffing multitude he acknowledged his own guilt and the justice of his punishment, and then prays for mercy.

So far as man can do so, that thief merited his salvation.

A death-bed conversion! Yes, it was, but so far as we know, it was the first time grace had been offered to him. He had not had the advantages we have had. Baptism, the early training, the Sacraments always within our reach; good advice, sermons, good books; priests running after us, begging us to save our souls; all that, we have had, and he had not.

It is a comforting conversion, it shows what grace can do, but it is the only one of the kind recorded in Scripture. On the other hand, there is a description in the second Book of Macabees, of the death-bed repentance of King Antiochus. It seems a good conversion, as we read it; he confesses his sins, he makes restitution, he promises to do all a man and king can do to repair the evils he has done; and yet, the Scripture says: "This wicked man prayed to the Lord of Whom he was not to obtain mercy" (II Macabees, IX, 13). Only for this last verse we would have thought it an efficacious repentance and happy death-bed conversion.

Another warning. . . . There were two thieves dying, both receiving the same graces . . . . both included in Our Lord's prayer for forgiveness . . . . only one was saved. . . . Where your own eternal salvation is concerned dare you run the risk at the last minute, of being the one saved out of two, "one taken, the other left," when you can make sure now? Eternity is too awful, too long to take any chance. The danger is too fearfully great.

"Say not the mercy of the Lord is great, He will have mercy on the multitude of my sins. For mercy and wrath quickly come from Him; and His wrath looketh upon sinners. Delay not to be converted to the Lord, and defer it not from day to day. For His wrath will come on a sudden; and in the time of His vengeance He will destroy thee" (Ecclus, V, 6-9).

"Behold now is the acceptable time. Behold now is the day of salvation" (II Cor. VI, 2).

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

The unrepentant thief joined the scoffers, who neither could nor would save him.
The thoughtful thief having no more to fear from men, turns to Jesus.
What he saw and heard, aroused Faith, Hope, and Charity in his soul.
Humbly he confessed his sins; daring only to ask Jesus for a remembrance.
Jesus met him most generously. "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."
But it would be presumption for us to expect conversion at death.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, Who for love of me, delivered Thyself up to be crucified; Thy Redemption was copious, superabundant, and offered for the whole world, yet a sinner on a cross beside Thee, died without profiting by it.

Thy mercy indeed endureth forever, but Thy salvation must be accepted when offered. Thy Sacraments and assisting graces are offered now . . . . not next year, nor on our death bed.

O Jesus, forgive my sins, and while giving me confidence in Thy mercy now, preserve me from presumption on Thy future generosity.

O unselfish Redeemer, my noble Saviour, if I am **now hesitating** to give up sin, take away from me **forever** everything that might be an occasion of sin: **Compel** me to love and serve only Thee in future, that dying with Thy holy Sacraments and Thou Thyself beside me, I may go with Thee, that day, to Paradise.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Philip Farrelly, Mary Flanagan, Kathleen Redmond.

PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES WITH THEIR CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

In China ~ Long Ago

JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

China has been in the news of late. Here an American Passionist, working on the Chinese Mission, tells something of the China of to-day, with its still living traditions of two thousand years

LAST week I spent a few days at the out-station of Wusu, a village about fifteen miles distant from the central mission of Yuanling. The weather was enjoyable, so I walked. With me were six of our Catholic boys who attend the local Middle School. The boys at the time were enjoying a vacation, and were quite happy at the prospect of getting to the country for a while. I am no great success as a hiker, but I carried my weight, well over two hundred pounds, rather gracefully until we reached a point about five miles from Wusu. There I went lame. The last stretch of the road was painful.

Some good laughs at my expense were in store for the boys. We crossed the river, on whose further bank was the village of Wusu. The catechist greeted me warmly, and prepared tea. He offered me a chair which reminded me of a camp stool. The frame was of wood, the seat a piece of buffalo skin. I knew that such a chair was hazardous. But with such courtesy was it offered that I cast experience to the winds and manœuvred myself into this quaint bit of furniture. A moment later I was on the floor, with the ruins of the chair about me.

The next morning after Mass we partook of a real Chinese meal ; rice, buffalo meat flavoured with peppers, Chinese cabbage, and turnips. Breakfast over, the lads who had come with me invited me to accompany them to an historic cave on the opposite side of the river that passes just in front of our mission at Wusu. I was footsore and weary from my walk of the previous day, but the prospect of seeing something of historical interest made me decide in favour of the hike.

We crossed the stream, and were soon scaling a cliff. It was less than a mile walk, but as steep a climb as I had yet had in the celestial kingdom. As I neared the top I was forced to make use of the proffered help of the boys, who almost dragged me up the narrow ascent. At the mouth of the cave was a small shed. From this shelter, which is half slung over the cliff, we had a

With acknowledgment to *The Sign*, Union City, N.J.

pleasing view of the surrounding country; the two waterways winding away in the distance; the village, lying peacefully in the valley below; and to the left our little mission at Wusu. The thought came to me of a day, long years ago, when I heard my dear companion, Father Godfrey Holbein, C.P., preach there his first sermon in Chinese. I looked farther off into the distant mountains and recalled how once, some five years ago, I had walked to a home, six miles from Wusu, to baptize a catechumen. I had the joy of bringing her first and last holy communion, her Viaticum. Still farther off in those hills I had followed on different occasions the funeral processions of seven or eight Christians. There in their native hills I had given them Christian burial.

My reverie was interrupted by the boys, who were eager to explore the cave. The entrance was but shoulder high. Stooping, we entered it. There, in the very centre of the cave, was a table with three small idols resting on it. To the left of the table, written on white cloth, were several thousand Chinese characters, each group of characters telling of a blessing to be obtained, for the asking, from the idols. On the opposite side of the table were small strips of bamboo, in a wooden bowl, on each of which was written a number. The devotees of the idols pray, draw one of the bamboo slips, read the number, and consult the corresponding figure on the list of characters. The favours, according to popular belief, will most certainly be granted by the idols of this cave. On such nonsense have these poor people been fed for centuries, until the consultation

WHAT FAMINE MEANS IN CHINA.
These are only a few out of many thousands.

of idols has entered into every important circumstance of their lives. So will they continue to believe until such time as they have the light and grace to worship the true God.

As we passed the table of idols we were forced to go down on our hands and knees in order to enter farther into the sloping cave. We had come without torch or light of any kind, so we made an effort to dispel the darkness by lighting some papers we had found. We were surprised to see that the cave branches off into two smaller passages. The opening to the right was not very deep, and one of the boys crawled to the end of it. The branch to the left reached farther than we could see with the poor lighting, so we returned to the mouth of the cave. There we met a native who told us what he knew of the probable depth of the cave. He explained its history, and recounted the popular superstitions, connected with it.

This man had never penetrated far into the cave, but he assured us that it was of great depth. Among the popular traditions of the people was this one. Long ago the villagers of Wusu were in great distress because of the repeated failure of the rice crop. One of the Buddhist priests from a neighbouring temple offered to go through the cave to beseech the spirits who dwelt there to assist the famine-stricken people of Wusu. This priest reported that he had travelled about ten miles through the cave ; that it led him through many turnings, under the bed of the North river, and under the mountains on the opposite bank, until he came to the surface again on top of Chi Kung Shan, Rooster Mountain. This story is likely the fabrication of some mind raised to heights of imagination by the help of an opium pipe.

Of far greater interest is the popular and creditable tradition of this cave. It is this. In the years 221 to 209 B.C. there reigned over China a ruler called Ch'in Shih Hwang Ti. While the six remaining feudal lords of the time had been warring against each other, four of Ch'in Shih Hwangs' predecessors were strengthening their own power. One after the other the smaller lords were crushed, and the Ch'in family became supreme. To insure this imperialism which he established Ch'in Shih Hwang, at the instigation of his minister, decreed

CONVERT CHRISTIANS AT PAOTSING MISSION.

the destruction of all the literature which was in the hands of the people. Writings on history, geography, philosophy, poetry—all came under the ban. The law was put in force. Historians have attributed this act of the emperor to his effort to obliterate all records of the feudal system. Others, scholars and citizens, branded the act as that of an impious tyrant. To prove their assertion the people point to the tyranny of the Ch'in family in building the Great Wall, with such blood and tears. They point also to the immense palace, constructed on grandiose lines for the same emperor, by the labours of hundreds of thousands of prisoners. So historians and the people dispute over this superstitious, capable man, who had a will of iron.

Be that as it may, the decree of the emperor caused the destruction of many prized works of literature. It also made history in the little village of Wusu in 213 B.C. For tradition there has it that the people of this section of Hunan heard rumours of the edict before it was actually promulgated. Immediately the villagers, led by the scholars, gathered together thousands of copies of the classics. In the dead of night they climbed the steep cliff at Wusu. Here, in the cave we had just visited, they hid their literary treasures. So graphically had the villager told the story that these boys, present-day scholars, and myself,

were carried back in imagination over two thousand years. We seemed to see the scholars and the country folk of that far distant date toiling up the steep cliff with their precious loads of books to hide them in this cave.

We had spent a very enjoyable hour. As we descended, the native pointed out to us a large stone a few feet below the entrance to the cave. On this slab is carved, in Chinese characters, the inscription "*Ku Tsang Shu Chu*," which means, "The Ancient Hiding Place of the Books." So much does this tradition mean to the people of Wusu that even at this late date, and in their poverty, they have constructed a path that the interested stranger may visit the historic cave.

I quite forgot my weariness on the way back to the mission. I was thinking of the several times when we had to hide the sacred vessels and vestments in recent years. I was thinking of some bitter disappointments that I had experienced in this very mission of Wusu. Here was a lesson for me. Even twenty centuries ago these people had loved culture and literature, and had prized the classics. Two thousand years had passed, and still they related with pride the deeds of their ancestors who had risked much to save the books of that day. Here were peasants, almost slaves to the soil since they had no other means of livelihood; here were simple countryfolk, living in poverty, with the haunting threat of famine never far away. Yet they had ideals. They had a veneration for learning, of which their poverty and lack of opportunities could not rob them. Surely, when once they have really grasped the word of the Faith that we, Christ's priests, are offering they will prize it above everything. There is a nobility of soul here which promises much for the Church.

Our Blessed Lady

In an Encyclical Letter of the 12th September, 1897, Leo XIII wrote: "Now, which of all those that inhabit the regions of glory can rival in favour the august Mother of God? To whom is vouchsafed a clearer intuition in the Eternal Word of our needs and difficulties? Who has greater influence to move the Divine Will? And who can compare with her in motherly affection? For such is her greatness and such her favour with God, that he who, needing help, neglects to have recourse to her, is as one who would fly without the aid of wings." This holy Pontiff raised the celebration of the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, long established in memory of the Christian victories over the Turks, to a higher rite and greater solemnity.

In the Office of St. John Damascene, the Defender of all holy Images, we read how, through the prayers and power of Our Blessed Lady, his right hand, which had been cut off, was restored. When in 885 Paris was besieged by the cruel Normans, Gozlin, the Bishop of Paris, in fervent prayer, sought the intercession of Our Lady. When on July 2nd, 886, the Normans suffered a defeat, the historian (Abbon) relating the event, wrote: "On this day Our Lady for a second time saved her people of Paris."

St. Bernard said: "O man, if you feel that in this life you are floating in the midst of dangers and tempests, rather than walking on dry land, if you do not wish to be overwhelmed, turn not your eyes from this star, Mary." As to Our Blessed Lady as Queen of Martyrs, St. Bernard said: "In other martyrs the ardour of love assuaged the pain of suffering, but the more Mary loved, the more intense was her grief, and the more painful her martyrdom." St. Alphonsus tells us that St. Bridget was permitted to hear Our Divine Lord saying to His Mother: "Ask of Me what you please, for your petition will not be in vain. On earth you never denied me anything, I will never deny you anything in heaven."

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THE EDITOR, "THE CROSS," MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN.

Moira's Dilemma

ALFRED GROSCH

She coloured suddenly and then grew pale. "Anything wrong, Moira?" asked her mother.

"No, mother" she replied, "but perhaps I had better tell you all." And with that she poured out the whole story.

"WHAT shall I do, Stella?" asked Moira O'Byrne of her friend as they walked sturdily along the rugged narrow road that ran westwards across the Mayo moorland. "There must be dozens of girls who find themselves in my—my plight I was going to say—but circumstances I think it should be," she concluded, as she gazed beseechingly at Stella Conlan.

For some few moments they walked on without speaking. There was a strong similarity between the two girls—fine examples of young Irish womanhood. Indeed, but for the difference in colouring—Moira was dark, Stella fair—they might easily have passed for sisters. Both were about the same age, of equal height and build, and even resembled each other in their walk. They were clad also much alike in Irish tweeds, and evidently both were holiday-making in their own country.

The sun was already on its way down the western skies as they strode along the road in its wake. The hills in the distance were blurred with the faint blue of early approaching evening, and the moorland—fragrant with the honeyed scents of wild flowers—had taken on a soft purple tinge. There was not a habitation in sight, nor, except for the two girls, was there a human being to be seen.

"Well, Stella?" asked Moira, at length.

"Do you really love him?" asked the other.

"Deeply!" replied Moira.

"How do you know that?" asked Stella, simply.

"How do I know?" exclaimed Moira. "Goodness, Stella, dear! How does any girl know she loves a man truly? How, indeed, except that he fills every moment of her life; that he inspires every good thought that arises within her, and that he makes her feel life, the world, and everybody and everything are heaven and heavenly!"

"Yes," murmured Stella, with a smile. "You certainly are smitten!"

"Well then, my dear Stella. Do tell me what I ought to do?"

But Stella had little advice to proffer. Indeed, her friend's problem was one that might have puzzled many far wiser and cleverer people than Stella Conlan. The two girls had been friends at school—from childhood almost. They had been classmates at college, and had gone to the university together to study and take their degrees. But there was a wide gulf between them, for while Stella's parents were well-off, Moira's were poor working-people, making tremendous sacrifices in order that their one child should enjoy the advantages of a really good education.

And Moira had justified their sacrifices, for she had done brilliantly. A good post as teacher in a high-class school in England had followed, while Stella, neither so ambitious nor so keen, had been content with something less in Ireland.

For three years Moira had worked steadily at her job, coming home for a rest during the vacations, and she had in a measure been able to repay her parents for some, at least, of their sacrifices.

She liked her work. She liked the people she met, and in the fashionable Catholic parish in which her school was situated she had found ample opportunity

to mix with Catholic people of good standing who valued her for her personal charm and character, and for her intelligent conversation.

Then, as she wrote to Stella, the inevitable happened. She met someone, a very perfect someone, and fell violently in love with him.

For a time life became a dream. There were excursions with him to the theatre, to the river, to dinners, and to all those places the young people of London society frequented in each other's company.

The young man was rich, and a member of several companies in the City. So far Stella had not told him of her people. Indeed, though she knew that it must come sooner or later, she hesitated, could not think how to commence, and so left it.

But an even graver problem had now arisen to worry her on her holiday at home, for before leaving the young man had asked, and intimated that he expected her answer when she returned to London.

There were her parents to consider, both now much older, and consequently much nearer the time when they would need her help far more than before. Could she give up her teaching, and marry, she wondered. What would become of her parents if she did ?

True, they had three years of return, but what was that against the ten, or fifteen years of sacrifice they had made for her ?

It was a problem, and one which friends, like Stella, were quite unable to help her to solve.

" Well, Stella," exclaimed Moira, as they reached the end of their walk " You haven't answered my question ! "

" Did you expect me to ? " asked Stella.

" I really don't know, dear. But I'd be glad to hear something different from other people's advice," murmured Moira.

" Have you spoken to your people yet ? "

" No. I hate the thought. It seems so heartless of me. Look what they've given me. Believe me, Stella, it was my one ambition to repay them to the full all they had spent on me ; and, so far, well, I've tried, but I know it's a mere fleabite. Now, don't you see, if I give up my work for marriage I can't help them in that way any more. If I am to go on helping them, then I must, it seems, give up all thoughts of marriage and children.

" What does the young man think about it ? " asked Stella.

" I haven't told him," returned Stella. " You see how difficult the approach is in either case," protested Moira.

" Well, you'll have to do both sometime. Why not make a start to-night ? After all, your parents may take a view you least expect. I think you are acting unfairly towards them in assuming that they really want you to repay what they have done for you. Suppose, now, that they were animated solely by affection, won't you have wronged them ? Why not a little prayer for guidance ? I always do when I'm stuck ! "

" Goodness, I've never looked at it like that ! " exclaimed Moira, " and I'll certainly pray," she added, " for I'll have to settle one way or the other very soon." And as they reached the gate leading to her home, Moira bade her friend good-bye, and murmuring a brief prayer, she entered the cottage. Her mother, all excitement, was waiting.

" Here's a telegram for you, Moira, dear," she said, handing over the envelope.

Moira took and opened it, and read the message : *Am coming over by air to-morrow for my answer. Can't wait any longer. Desmond.*

She coloured suddenly, and then as suddenly paled.

" Anything wrong, Moira, dear ? " asked her mother.

" No, mother. But, perhaps I'd better tell you all. I want advice, and I think you can give it," and with that she poured out the whole story.

"My own, dear child," cried her mother when the recital was ended. "How foolish you are to think that your father or I ever wanted anything in this world but your happiness!"

"But, mother, dear, you are not rich. . . ."

"What does that matter, my dear, so long as we have enough. We have always been careful, and I don't suppose we shall ever want. So give him the answer your heart dictates!" and Moira, overcome, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and gave way to tears of happiness.

But there was still something to be explained to Desmond, and Moira spent the evening in church offering some very special petitions to Our Lady and her Divine Son for help and guidance on the morrow.

But the morrow brought her an even greater surprise, for when she met her beloved and attempted to explain matters, he waived them aside.

"Don't let the thought trouble you an instant, for I've known all along. Indeed, I thought you were aware of the fact. You see, darling," he explained, "your parish priest was at college with me, and I heard from him when I first met you what sterling parents you've got. For my part, if you're only one-half as good, dear girl, I've won a treasure. But as regards their sacrifices, why, surely, I shall owe them something for providing me with such a pearl! So don't let that worry you any more. Name the day, Moira, here and now!"

Mary's Heathen Baby

MARGARET H. CAIN

"I know!" sobbed Mary, "but I wanted to convert one this year. Sister said we could maybe convert one in a year by our Communions. And I know my catechism too—real good."

"GOOD-BYE, mother," Mary called, as she hurried down the hall.

"Wait a moment, Mary." Mrs. Brady hastened after her daughter to set straight the red beret, kiss the upturned face, and see the child safely to the corner. Her parting words were:

"Now, don't forget to ask Father Murray about Communion."

"Oh, I won't." The answer was prompt and eager. "But you think he will let me make it, don't you, mother?"

"I hope so. Good-bye, now; be good; and don't cause Sister any trouble."

Mary's answer was a merry smile as she turned to join some companions, also on their way to St. Patrick's School.

The morning passed slowly for Mrs. Brady, and, though she worked hard and steadily, she found time to offer a prayer to the Sacred Heart that her daughter might be allowed to make her First Communion that year. Although Mary lacked several months of the required age, because she knew her catechism so well and was so anxious to receive, the Sisters decided to give her a chance, providing that Father Murray agreed to the arrangement.

Ten minutes past twelve, early for Mary, the door burst open, and in she rushed, tears of anger and disappointment in her eyes.

"Mother!" she gasped, "I can't make it. Father Murray said I was too young, and I have to wait a whole year. And, by the time I am ready all the Chinese babies will all be grown up and converted—and—and——"

She flew to her mother's arms and found comfort there.

"Indeed all the heathen babies won't be converted or grown up in one year, Mary," Mrs. Brady insisted. "And that year will quickly pass, and you can pray for the Chinese babies even if you can't offer your Communions for them."

"I know," sobbed Mary; "but I wanted to convert one this year. Sister Mary Louise said we could convert maybe more than one in a year by our Communions. And I know my catechism, too—real good."

It was some time before Mary became really reconciled to having to give up what she desired so much; but the arrival of a new little girl in a neighbouring house soon occupied Mary's thoughts. This child, Lucy Bowen, was her name, puzzled Mary a good deal.

To begin with, she said she was a Catholic, and yet she did not go to the parochial school, as all Mary's other friends did. And she said she never went to church, nor did her mother and father. Mary was plainly shocked, and, at the advice of her mother, she invited Lucy to go to church sometime with her.

At first the child refused to go, but finally she gave in, and, prompted by curiosity she asked Mary many questions about God and the Church. So Mary told her how she had wanted to make her First Communion that year, but could not, because she was too young.

"I wish I could make my Communion," Lucy spoke wistfully.

"Why, you can. You're old enough. Only you don't know the catechism," Mary replied. Suddenly she brightened. "But I'll ask Sister."

A few days later, Lucy was taking catechism lessons from Sister Mary Louise every day after school, her parents had consented, and had given their permission; and, afterwards, Mrs. Bowen became very friendly with Mrs. Brady and told her how she had come to neglect her faith, also that Lucy had been baptized, but never sent to a Sisters' school or to church.

Lucy herself, proved more than an apt pupil and, in a short time, had grown to love the kind Sisters and the priests who did all they could to help her. While Mary took upon her young shoulders the whole responsibility, and made sure Lucy always knew her lessons.

It was First Communion Day. Soft strains of music filled the crowded church, as up the aisle, a procession of children moved slowly. Among them was Lucy, eyes cast down, but face alight with joy. She was going to receive her Master.

Four people, tense and eager, watched that slim white figure. And Mrs. Bowen, sitting near Mrs. Brady and her daughter, suddenly smiled through her tears, for Mary, leaning closer, had whispered quite clearly to her mother:

"Listen, mother. Maybe I couldn't make my First Communion this year; but I did convert a heathen, didn't I?"

Summer Time is Ended

Put back the clock! The hour for play is past,
Winter is near, the year is flying fast,
In deepening gloom, the lingering summer rays,
But shed a sadness o'er the shortening days.

Put back the clock! That when the quiet night
Has passed away, one hour of radiant light
Will give to those who toil, patience to learn
That brighter days will dawn, the spring return.

Put back the clock! And from the years gone by,
Give me one gift from their deep treasury—
The gift of childish faith, that I may pray
One hour each day, to see and know my way.

Put back the clock! And when the long, last night
Has come, give me one hour of radiant light,
That when at last I reach the promised land,
My eyes shall see, and I will understand.

DOROTHY M. AIKIN.

"Pardons" in France

QUAINT AND PICTURESQUE CEREMONIES

Amongst the religious traditions of France, the custom of the "pardon" or local pilgrimage remains as a quaint and picturesque survival, not only in Brittany but at many other shrines throughout the country : : : :

THE great pilgrimages to Lourdes last month, with their accompaniment of spectacular ritual, call attention to the unremitting fervour with which the French "pardons," large or small, are still observed by the Faithful. The stories attached to the pardon-centres have often great historic as well as religious interest.

This is true, for example, of the Pardon or pilgrimage of August 15th to the Sanctuary of the Virgin at Déols, near Chateauroux. This goes back over a thousand years, to the time when Prince Ebbes of Délos, by an act dated September 2, 1917, gave a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin to the Benedictines of the Order of Cluny. The monks in return dedicated their splendid Abbey to the name of Mary, since known as Notre Dame of the Miracles, due to an incident which occurred in 1187. In the course of the war between Henri II and the King of England, the latter's son, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, gave the order to pillage the town of Déol. The inhabitants in despair took refuge before the statue of the Virgin, but a foreign soldier, to mock them, threw a stone and broke the arm of the Child Jesus. Blood gushed from the broken stone and the soldier dropped dead. The miracle was so impressive that six months later the Peace of Gisors was signed on January 21, 1188. Rigord, historian-doctor to Philippe-Auguste, told the story in his chronicle *Gesta Philippi*, and thus assured the renown of the sanctuary where this year, as for centuries past, thousands have come to worship.

It is an error to think that Brittany is the only section of France in which to witness a "pardon." Though they are more frequent in that section of France and the costumes are particularly rich, there is practically no region in which there is not a pilgrimage centre. This is evident even in the September and, October "pardons," which are scattered throughout the country.

Thus, while we find, on September 12th and 13th, the Pardon of Saint Cornély, at Carnac-la-Trinine-sur-Mer in Brittany, with the traditional blessing of the domestic animals, and the Pardon of Saint-Cadou, with Breton wrestling, on September 25th, as well as the picturesque Procession of the Rosary in Saint-Malo on October 3rd, we find many other noteworthy religious events in these two autumn months.

At Notre-Dame-du-Charmaix-sur-Modane, a celebrated pilgrimage which goes back to the times of Charlemagne, takes place on September 8th, with a midnight Mass celebrated in the open air on the night of September 7th and 8th. On September 8th to 16th, at Allauch, near Marseilles, another thousand-year-old pilgrimage occurs, with a procession up the hill to the ancient chapel which commands a view of the sea, the port of Marseilles and Notre-Dame de la Garde.

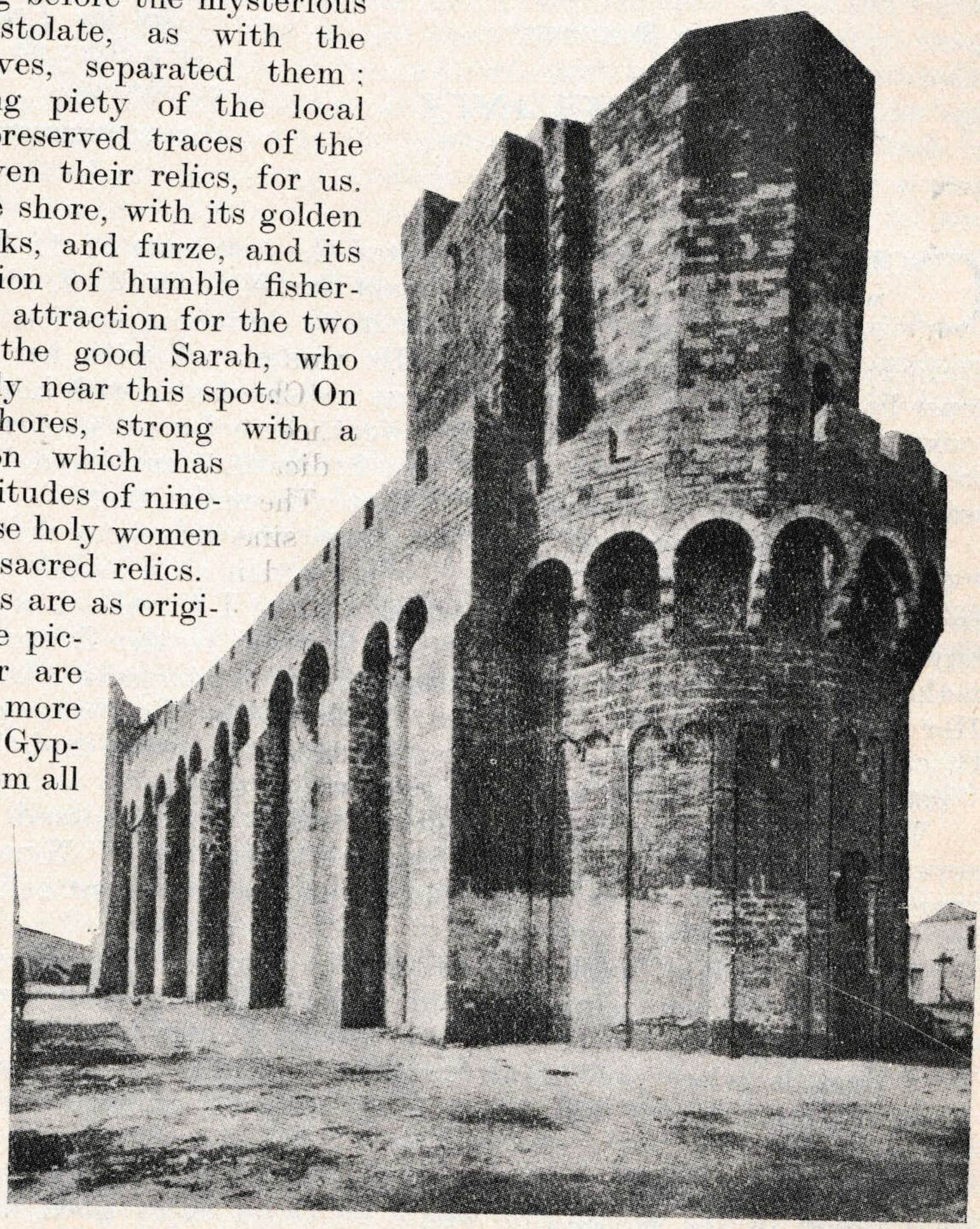
One of the most interesting pardons in France, that at the Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, where the three Maries, fleeing from Palestine, are supposed to have landed, takes place on October 23rd and 24th. A fortress-church at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, a holy grotto at Sainte-Baume, perched on the crags like an eagles's nest, a crypt more than fifteen centuries old at Saint-Maximin, such are the three ultimate refuges which the Saviour reserved for His friends of predilection, driven by the Jews from the Holy Land after the Ascension. After voyages long and perilous, they came safely ashore on the friendly strand of

Provence. These friends were, according to immemorial tradition, St. Lazarus, whom Our Saviour Himself had raised from the dead, the disciples Maximin and Sidione, and a group of holy women, including Martha, Mary Magdalene and Sarah, their faithful black servant.

It was not long before the mysterious call of the apostolate, as with the Apostles themselves, separated them; but the unceasing piety of the local populations has preserved traces of the wanderers, and even their relics, for us.

This hospitable shore, with its golden sands, its tamarisks, and furze, and its scattered population of humble fisher-folk, held a strong attraction for the two holy Marys and the good Sarah, who settled permanently near this spot. On these self-same shores, strong with a venerable tradition which has survived the vicissitudes of nineteen centuries, these holy women still live by their sacred relics.

Few pilgrimages are as original, attract a more picturesque crowd or are conducted with more moving ceremony. Gypsies come hither from all parts of France to venerate their patron St. Sarah. The familiar caravans gather from every side, swaying mile after mile along the dusty roads that lead to Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. The great days of pilgrimage are in Spring, May 24th and 25th, and in the autumn on October 21st and 22nd. Here the gypsies hold their rendezvous, especially at the Spring pilgrimage, when they come to pray and to render vociferous homage to "Sarah the Egyptian," whom they revere as their special protectress.



LES SAINTES-MARIES DE LA MER,
A famous centre of pilgrimage in Provence.

But while the relics of Sarah found shelter in the crypt, those of the Holy Marys were lodged by the good king Rene in a chapel high above the sentry-walk, which with the characteristic loopholes of the twelfth century, crowns the citadel-church. "It is from there" states Dom David, O.S.B., "that the relics are let down by a flower-decorated rope, whilst a Magnificat is chanted, which is followed by loud cries of 'Long live the Holy Marys'." Amongst the voices, those of the guardians of the Camargue can be recognised, cow-boys of the Mediterranean sea-board, who on spirited mounts guard the herds of cattle and wild horses. At every pilgrimage these guardians give a wonderful display of horsemanship as their tribute of honour to the Saints.

It Didn't Need Him!

JAMES B. YELANTS

"What you need up here is a first-class agent to boom your goods. You've a first-rate proposition in this outfit of yours, and I'll turn the spotlights on it."

But the Prior shook his head. "We don't do that sort of thing" he observed.

CORNELIUS M. STOKE mounted the first rung of the ladder in his career when he became publicity agent for Nina Nykloff, the Russian dancer. Nina had been occupying a quite humble position in the ballet till Cornelius made her acquaintance. He was struck with her; not so much, it must be confessed, with her abilities as a danseuse as with her vivacity and good looks. Her talents, as a matter of fact, were by no means remarkable. But to an infatuated publicity agent like Stoke that mattered little. "Stars," he was in the habit of saying, "are what you make them."

His considered opinion was that fame was merely a matter of advertising. "Give me," he used to declare, "a low-grade shoe polish and plenty of cash to spend on boosting it, and in three months I'll make it a social crime to use any other." As an expression of his devotion to the Russian he undertook to make her name. She became an exponent of the terpsichorean art at its "best." Her dancing was said to express rhythmically the "savage sinuosity of the Orient." In the notices sent out concerning her it was said that she would have "made Herodias' daughter look a clumsy cripple."

This extravagant language had the effect he calculated. In a short while several dramatic critics professed to have "discovered" Nina, and a well-known manager gave her a year's engagement at an exorbitant salary. You need not be told that she was grateful.

But this kind of work takes it out of a man. His success with the dancer not only made her name, but his also. Thereafter he was inundated with applications for his services, and his strenuous efforts at last told on his nerves.

"Rest is what you want," said the doctor. "Go away for six months to some quiet place and take things easily. If you don't you'll break up altogether."

Well, Stokes accepted his advice and set off by himself in his auto for a place he'd taken in the mountains where he could enjoy good fishing and shooting. Whether it was the condition of his nerves or the badness of the road in the remote district in which it happened I can't say, but on the way he had an accident and was shot out of his car, head first. A passer-by picked him up unconscious and took him to the nearest human habitation, which happened to be a monastery. Here the guest master took him in, and everything that could be done for the stranger so suddenly dropped into their midst the kindly monks did. So well was he looked after that, when he was convalescent, having obtained permission to remain, he cancelled his fishing and hunting expedition and stayed on at the monastery.

Previous to his coming there he had known nothing of such establishments. It was all new to him. The simplicity of the life, the quiet orderliness which the monks went about their various duties, the unworldliness of those with whom he conversed, deeply impressed the guest. When he was sufficiently recovered to make little journeys in the neighbourhood he heard reports concerning his hosts which still further quickened his interest. One of them, he was told, had been a young diplomat in a certain European capital with a

brilliant career before him, but had given this up to become a Religious. Cornelius recalled the individual when he was described—a certain Father Silvanus whom he had observed working in the garden.

"To think," he said to himself, "that that humble gardener has trod the courts of kings!" It did not occur to him that every Catholic treads the Court of the King of kings. Some of the stories that were told him—possibly exaggerated—of certain miracles said to have been wrought by a Saint whose relics reposed in the chapel filled the listener with astonishment. A little while ago he would not have credited them, but the supernatural atmosphere in which he had been living made almost anything credible. It may be assumed that a man with his type of imagination did not fail to make the most of any story he was told bordering on the marvellous. His mind was a sort of magnifying glass, doubling the dramatic character of all it looked at.

When he came to say good-bye, he was grateful for the attentions he had received. It was not enough to make a handsome donation to the funds of the institution; he wanted to do more. Naturally the publicity agent thought of such services as lay in the power of his profession.

"Say," he remarked to the Father Prior on the morning of his departure, "there's one thing I reckon I can do for you and it oughta be done."

"What is that?" asked the monk.

"What you need up here," replied the man of business, "is a first-class agent to boom your goods. I don't want to blow my own trumpet—my job is blowing other people's—but I'd like to say right here that no one in the States can beat Cornelius M. Stoke in the publicity line."

"But . . . ." said the Prior smiling.

"Now listen," interrupted the departing guest, "you've been good to me and I'd like to do you a good turn. And I can do it. I can give this monastery a hoist—turn the limelight on you, make folk talk about you. See?"

"I'm afraid . . . ," remarked his auditor, but was again interrupted.

"It's like this," went on Stoke, waxing enthusiastic as he propounded his suggestion, "you've a first-rate proposition in this outfit of yours. Those stories about the Relic will take on, you bet. And I'll get spotlights on Father Silvanus."

"It's very kind of you," was the reply, "but we don't do that sort of thing."

"Ah! that's your modesty," Cornelius answered. "But you ought to consider your Church. Think of the good it'll do Catholicism in this country when the public knows what I know about you. Remove misunderstanding. Give folk a new idea concerning monks. Say, I reckon I can make the American public think differently about the Catholic Church from what it does. And I'd like to use my professional abilities and the pull I've got in certain quarters in that way."

The Prior shook his head.

It was not easy to discourage Cornelius Stoke once he got set on a thing. And he was set on advertising his hosts.

"Don't shake your head, Father," he protested. "My little scheme'll bring you streams of visitors and the dollars'll just roll in. D'you get me?"

"The Church is glad to use every lawful means to make the truth known," was the quiet reply, "but she has her own ways of presenting her case, and the methods adopted elsewhere are not always acceptable to her. As to making this community better known, I'm afraid if what you want to do for us were tried it would go a long way to destroy the purpose of our Retreat. Our main business here is prayer, and crowds of sightseers prompted by idle curiosity would not assist us in that. With regard to the financial aspect—we cannot make that an end in itself. We are maintained by those who recognize their need of such institutions and whose gifts are expressions of devotion."

"Then you won't let me help you?"

"Well, no," were the monk's parting words, "but we shall be very glad if at any future time we can help you."

It took Stoke a little time to get over what he regarded as a rebuff, but it wasn't long before he was seeing the matter in a new light.

The voluntary obscurity of his hosts, as he thought of it, gave him much food for reflection. The fact that the Church didn't need him was a blow to his self-importance, but it was impressive. It became more impressive when he learned more about that strange organization—its communities of men and women in remote places living lives of prayer, its manifold activities pursued rather with a view to serving God than with the idea of attracting attention, the humility of its saints and the calm confidence with which it awaited the verdict of history.

"It doesn't need me," he said to himself, "and, for the matter of fact, it doesn't need anyone. It's just one of those things that have to be—inevitable, you might say. It ain't dependent on public favour like other concerns. It's like mountains and lakes and forests; they just are what they are whether anyone takes any notice of them or not. These picturesque landscapes and panoramic views the railroad companies advertise carried on long before the advertisers got hold of them. There were sunsets and sunrises when there was only God to see them. I reckon the church is something like that. It's independent, self-supporting. You can't injure it and you can't give it anything it hasn't first given you."

He thought a bit and then said: "The Church don't need me, but, say! I need it. Just what I do need. Best rest cure I could find. Something that never gets excited and flurried. Something that stands up calm and certain like those hills round the monastery. Something that's like a mother—gentle an' wise an' peaceful an' strong.

"My! I was a boob to think it needed little me. It's little me that needs the Church."

The Song of the Wind

A wind came up from out of the sea,
And whispered and whispered this song to me—
"The Love you have sought so long lies deep
In the depths of the ocean where the sea-beasts creep
It is woven from sea-shells, seaweed and sea"
The wind thus whispered its song to me.

I stood on a mountain and gazed aloft,
A wind caressed me and whispered soft,
"The Love you have sought lies hidden here
Deep in the eyes of the mountain deer,
Its laughter is locked in the sparkling rill"
Thus whispered the wind and time stood still.

I lay at rest in a woodland dell,
A wind came whispering this tale to tell,
"The Love you have sought long lies in the flowers,
Its fragrance wafted from woodland bowers,
It spreads o'er the earth a message strong"
The wind thus whispered its haunting song.

The Wind, the Wind, what a truth it tells,
Of sea and mountain and woodland dells,
The Love of God is the Love it brings
From ocean, woodland and mountain springs,
Deep in my heart treasured trustingly
Is the song of the wild wind whispered to me.

SHEILA LOUGHNAN.

Serial Story

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER X.—*Evelyn.*

WHILE Alan Penrith proceeded to expound upon his invention, Diana studied him. She decided he was not more than twenty-five years old, and that he was very, very good-looking, increased immensely by the fact that he was totally unaware of it. Diana's knowledge of human nature had increased greatly since she had taken the post of Problem Page Editress, and the reading of character became somewhat easy. She placed him as an "old" boy of some fine Public School, fond of sports, with plenty of ambition and energy in his make-up. He was over six feet in height and well-proportioned. His hair was sleek and dark, and he had a trick of looking long and straightly at a person that was very fascinating.

"I'm afraid you are going to be rather disappointed," smiled Diana. "The picture you have just taken seems to me a very ordinary one—two women and a little boy in the kitchen porch!"

"Ah, that's just the beauty of it!" said Alan enthusiastically. "Do you know I had been down at Gull Edge and right along the coast all morning without being able to pick up a subject worth taking. The subjects were usually aware there was something afoot when they spotted the camera and consequently they were on their best, and unnatural behaviour. I had given it up as a bad job, was as a matter of fact, taking a short cut across the fields here, to get the connection for London, when I spotted this. Believe me, when I saw that group I thought it ordinary too: a scene one would see in any English garden in summer about five o'clock. Then I realised that its very simplicity was its chief beauty, especially as the subjects were quite unaware of my presence. I was terrified lest they should move away before I got round, and I was praying all the time that nothing would hinder me."

"You will be a firm believer in prayer then?" asked Diana.

"Yes!" he said, emphatically. "Prayer coupled with action. That picture is going in to our customers, just as it is without any touching-up. I am hoping my invention will have given it that extra touch so necessary; and the title of the picture will be "*Five o'clock.*"

At that moment, Maggie appeared.

"Tea is ready, Miss Diana," she announced. "There's strawberries and cream and queen biscuits and Somerset cake—oh, I beg your pardon, I did not know you had a visitor."

"Mr. Penrith will stay to tea, Maggie, and since John has been so good all day he may have it with us."

John Peter Paul, peeping round a lilac bush, heard these words, and let out a whoop that scared Susan Gatherly stiff. Very soon she took her leave, saying she would return when the imp was safely in bed.

It was a very merry party that sat about the wicker tea-table set in the green shadow of the arbor. Over the meal, to which Alan Penrith did ample justice, thereby endearing himself to Maggie, he became confidential, and Diana, silent, made the ideal listener. His parents, it appeared, had died young, leaving him and his half-sister, now a girl of seventeen alone in the world. Alan had gone to a Public School and his sister to a convent to be educated. She was now in London studying painting, which she hoped to follow as a career. Alan had always been a keen amateur photographer, and on leaving school, decided that a small, poorly-paid position was better than the bread of idleness; accordingly he had taken service with a big firm to learn the possibilities of commercial art. His nights were divided between improving his invention, social service and running down every now and then to keep a brotherly eye upon his sister's doings—"an independent little

madam, but a really talented one," was his criticism of her. As for great ambitions, he confessed that he had none to speak of; he merely wanted to earn his living decently at work which interested him—to have sufficient to spend on recreation of a reasonable kind—in a word, to feel he was pulling his weight in the world.

Diana listened, enchanted, to his pleasing voice. In return, she told him of her own greatly interesting position with the *Daily Review*.

"You answer letters from love-sick maidens?" he teased her.

"Not always. Sometimes there are letters from people with real problems —I never dreamed before there were so many problems in the world, each vital to its owner. I have to be very careful how I compose my answers. My advice is usually acted on, for better or worse."

"Please, Aunt Diana, may I have another strawberry, just a 'weeny' one?" pleaded John Peter Paul. Diana laughed. They had forgotten the child.

"Smart little chap, your nephew," remarked Alan.

"He is not my nephew," said Diana, giving him a brief sketch of John Peter Paul, of his mother who died.

Alan gave her that long keen look when she finished.

"You know, Miss Stainsforth, you strike me as being a very fine fellow, if you don't mind me saying so. Most girls wouldn't be bothered with the care of a little child."

A most unaccountable pleasure at the boyish compliment surged up in Diana's heart. He rose with a sigh of regret.

"I must catch that train from Pantegg, otherwise I shall not reach London to-night. Thank you for all you have done for me to-day, Miss Stainsforth. I say, would you mind terribly if I called on you again? I have so enjoyed this afternoon, and I would like you to see the picture when it is ready—and—and—er, to tell you about my invention? I should so like you to know."

His smile was at once so boyish and charming that Diana felt she could not refuse. "Very well, I shall be delighted to see you, Mr. Penrith."

"Good-bye, and a thousand thanks."

As she passed through the hall, Maggie gave her the afternoon post which had just arrived. Among them, Diana saw one she knew was from Charles Arrowsmith, written on his private stationery, which meant he had something special to say—probably a renewal of his offer of marriage. Knowing this, Diana went upstairs and put the letters on her desk. She sat down by the window and watched the blue dusk of night creeping over the hills and thinking about Alan Penrith. The special letter lay unheeded among the others. Poor Mr. Arrowsmith!

ONE morning about a week later, a small car came down the white road and stopped before the gate of Quain. To the astonishment of the villagers of Goose Common the driver began to play a series of unmusical notes on his horn, running up and down the scale with an ease born of long practice. Maggie came running to the door and Diana went to an upstairs window. It was Alan Penrith.

"Will you be quiet?" hissed Maggie in low, but fierce tones. "There is a child having a nap here, to say nothing of the mistress at her work!"

Much crestfallen, Alan climbed out of his disreputable car and followed Maggie up the path. Diana could hear him trying to explain.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Kennedy, but I would have you know I am the bearer of good tidings, and as such, deserve to be announced in a fitting manner. I am no longer a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. I am. . ."

His speech was cut short by his entry into the house. Maggie could now be heard. "Mr. Penrith, will you have done with your nonsense! I'll tell the mistress you are here, but whether she will see you or not is another matter." Diana appeared at the head of the stairs, a most peculiar joy bringing a light to the eyes that

were neither green nor grey.

"Miss Diana, will you bear with me? Come down, and I will regale you with my tale of fortune. Upon my word, you must be my lucky star, for, from the moment I met you, fortune has smiled upon me." He stopped and began undoing a parcel he had with him. "What!" he asked, "do you think of this?"

"This" was an enlarged photograph of Susan, Maggie and John Peter Paul in the kitchen porch. An ordinary picture of ordinary people one might think; but even Diana, unversed in matters photographic, knew it at once for a gem in its class. There was black shadows cast by brilliant sun. The expressions were clean-cut—laughter on Maggie's face, bewilderment on Susan's, and satisfied conviction on John's. The minuteness of the detail was perfect. The wheels of the train, with every spoke showing; the steam from the silver kettle above the spirit lamp, just beginning to boil; the pattern on the china; the heaped-up strawberries on the table, the leaves of a gigantic beech growing beside the porch. One could almost hear the conversation, and feel the flagstones warm beneath the feet; the lace on Maggie's white apron looked sculptured.

"What an absolutely perfect picture!" exclaimed Diana.

"Exactly what the firm said," announced Alan. "It was just what they wanted, even down to the name I chose—'*Five o'clock.*' And that is not all, fair lady. Your humble servant has secured the whole bag of tricks. Through this picture, we have secured a five year contract with the firm I told you of. I get the post of advisory manager at one hundred per cent. increase in salary. My invention, which helped to make that picture so fine, has been tested, proved, and bought by my own firm. I stand to clear about £3,000! Oh, I must kiss somebody!"

Diana backed quickly out of range, and he lifted the china doll covering the telephone and bestowed an elaborate salute upon her unheeding mouth.

LOOKING at him, something awoke in Diana, something that had been asleep for years, the ghost of a laughing child, perhaps. It was the youth and gaiety in Alan Penrith calling to her own spoiled youth, the laughter and pleasure, and innocent light-heartedness which is every young girl's heritage, and of which she had been cheated by Death and circumstance.

"No more work to-day, Miss Diana," he implored. "You and I, playmate, are going to celebrate. Now, I didn't really mean to break into verse, or worse. Margaret, hi! Margaret! where are you?"

Maggie came running from the kitchen with her hands over flour.

"Fetch a hunk of bread, a wedge of cheese, and a pint of tea, immediately. Woman, don't stare, for you behold before you a beloved of the little tin gods of fortune! Take a last look at your hag, for I am about to speed over hill and dale with her, and may return no more. Woman, speed to my bidding!"

"God take care of us all!" ejaculated Maggie.

"Don't mind him, Maggie," said Diana, weak with laughter. "He is a little mad with happiness. All his dreams have come true at once, and it must be just a little overwhelming. Make us a few sandwiches, there's a dear! I'll get my hat and be with you directly, Mr. Penrith."

Diana never afterwards knew where they went, nor which route they followed in the disreputable car. She only knew she was terribly happy for some reason, and that there was brilliant sunshine, and light breeze blowing her hair, and much singing and talk and laughter. She was at home with a kindred spirit for the first time in her life. They understood each other so perfectly; it was as though Diana, walking in a forest, came suddenly on a clearing, and said to herself: "I have been here before. This is familiar!"

WHEN the first wild rapture was over they sat by the stream where they had taken lunch, and in a more serious vein, talked. They talked of life and the world, and men, and babies, and work, and books—a satisfying speech in which each revealed a little more personality to the other's admiring eyes. At sunset they turned homeward, and presently Alan dropped her at the gate leading to Quain, and bade her a cheery good-bye.

"There'll never be another day like that," he mused.

"Why ever not?" asked Diana, wonderingly. Was this lovely friendship to die so soon.

"Oh, there'll be others, no doubt, but this is unique. The wine of fortune does not overflow every day. Every day makes us a little older—and wiser, so this madness was sweet while it lasted. When I come again, you'll never recognise me, for I shall be perfectly sane, and steeped in commonsense! Good-bye, Diana!"

Diana was still in the lane when round a bend came Father Blandford.

"Did my eyes deceive me, Miss Stainsforth, or was it really Alan Penrith I saw you with just now? I was not aware you knew each other," he said.

"Why, yes, Father, I have just said good-bye to him. We were celebrating his amazing success with an invention." She explained about the picture and the contract. "Do you know Alan, Father?"

"Know him? I should think I do know him. Why, Alan Penrith is one of the finest Catholic young men it is my pleasure to know."

Sudden warmth suffused Diana's cheek.

"He is better known for his activities in London than down here," went on the priest. "He is a member of the Catholic Young Men's Society, and a shining light in the Evidence Guild. Only last night I was reading an account of how the other Sunday afternoon he routed a Communist in Hyde Park—quite quietly, no fuss, no shouting; even the indifferent and the hostile among the crowd applauded him!"

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that, Father," whispered Diana, hardly trusting her voice.

"He is a credit to his Faith, and a real defender of it. I'm pleased to know you are friends, Miss Stainsforth. People are always better for having known Alan." He went off with a cheery good-night, and Diana walked up the lane to Quain. Her feet were shod with wings. Never in all her life had she felt so happy; and all the time she was saying to herself: "He is a Catholic, a real defender of the Faith. . . ."

SHE tackled her letters next morning with a new energy and haste to make up for the day spent in idleness. Towards the end of the pile she came on one which she first read, then put aside until she had finished the others, and slowly read again, painstakingly. It ran:—

DEAR EDITRESS,

I wonder if you can help me with my problem, as I have been reading your answers in the *Daily Review*, and like them very much. I am in London earning my own living, and lately have met a man with whom I have fallen in love. He is a bit older than me, but then, I am not so young myself; after all I shall soon be nineteen. He is terribly keen on me and wants me to marry him at once. I don't know whether you solve religious problems or not, but I may say that there is nothing to stop me marrying William except a stupid law which says a Catholic cannot marry a divorced man. I am a Catholic. You see, William was terribly unhappy with his first wife, who was a horrible woman, he says, and it is a worse sin to live with a person you do not love any more than to marry a divorcee. William and I love each other deeply, and we were made for each other, he says, and he has been waiting all his life for me.

Everything was going quite smoothly until an interfering relative of mine poked his nose in. He says William is nothing more than a blackguard, and that I must break with him at once. He says this because he himself is a very staunch Catholic, but I think everyone is entitled to live his or her own life just as it pleases, don't you? After all, I am independent, and what I do is nobody's business, but I am worried so with all this argument and strife that I would like you to advise me what to do.

Yours sincerely,
EVELYN BARRY.

Diana sat there a long, long time, digesting this. "The little fool," she said at last, "the silly, blind little fool!"

She drew pen and paper towards her, meaning to answer an emphatic "No," but stopped. Here she was treading on very delicate ground. From her experience with the letters she was able to visualise, in an uncanny sort of way, the personality of the writer. She saw Evelyn Barry as a madcap of eighteen, her head turned with the responsibility of being on her own, earning her living in London. Probably she was a typist or a book-keeper in a big firm, and the man William was her employer or an influential customer. In all likelihood she had been an exemplary Catholic girl up to now—convent-bred, no doubt, since her conscience was warning her against this step, more than all her relative's warnings. She saw the wily snare behind William's talk of his unhappiness, his trite, easy phrases; terribly unhappy; it is a sin to live together when love has gone—waiting all his life for her. Doubtless he had been waiting all his life for a chance to steal a white blossom from life's garden, and the fairer and whiter the flower, the better his type would be pleased. This girl, driven nearly frantic by the pricking of her conscience, would be liable to plunge into the morass if anyone forbade her to take this step.

DIANA put the letter aside and went upstairs. All night long she lay awake, tossing restlessly. Once she sat up and chid herself roundly for being such a fool. After all, the girl was a complete stranger, about whose thoughts and feelings she was entirely ignorant. She might be one of those modern, sophisticated young girls who know everything; probably she knew right from wrong as well as Diana did, and it was none of her business anyway, from a worldly point of view.

Yet, as a new-born Catholic, she felt there was a grave moral obligation resting on her to deter a girl from taking this monstrous plunge. Try as she might she could not get the conviction from her mind that this Evelyn Barry was a charming young innocent, a little weak perhaps, but certainly easily influenced by a more dominant personality. Next morning she was no nearer a solution of what kind of answer to make to the letter. Her head ached from lack of sleep and worry. After lunch she went down to the chapel to seek counsel from the Source of all wisdom; and kneeling there at His Feet, the idea came to her to go to London and interview this Miss Evelyn Barry for herself. The more she pondered the idea, the better she liked it. She had kept to her vow straightly, the vow never to set foot in London again. Now she was glad the vow was to be broken in so sacred a cause. She had made it in pride—what else was it but fear of mockery, pity, humiliation, that had caused her to make it? Now she was glad to go, regardless of whom she met, and what encounters would re-open old wounds.

Time changed all things on earth, and her feelings towards those who had once been her dearest friends had changed too. She thought of Teddy Mayne, with whom she had once imagined herself in love, and of his mother who had insulted her so cruelly. She knew now with a kind of awe that she could pity these people now, since she had grown so rich in things that are not of this world, and they were outside in the dark.

Life in Goose Common had taught her that what are deemed the greatest things in life do not matter very much after all; that grief endures long after past happiness is dissolved; that joy came from the most unexpected things and that no satisfaction was so deep as that derived from doing one's duty to God and our neighbour. Accordingly, next day she left Maggie in sole charge of Quain, kissed John Peter Paul good-bye, and caught the noon train. That night she slept in London for the first time in years.

NEXT MONTH:
CHAPTER XI.—"*So find we profit. . . .*"

Passionist Notes and News

CHINA.

Centralisation on the Mission.

An Orphanage and Home for Destitute Boys has been established at Paotsing Mission under the direction of Fr. Nicholas Schneiders, C.P. From Wuki and the other missions of the Passionists in Hunan fifty boys are being sent to Paotsing to begin with, and others will be added as time goes on and finances permit. Without either Sisters or Brothers, without the help of an assistant-priest the establishment of such an Orphanage is not an easy task. But it is a great work to take care of these youngsters, who otherwise might become beggars or bandits or else starve to death, and to raise them up to become good Catholic citizens. The majority of the boys will be taught a trade; a few of the more promising lads will be given higher education. Thus those who came to the Orphanage as derelicts will leave it as self-supporting Catholics. Similar Orphanages for Destitute Girls are established at Yuanling under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and at Chihkiang under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. If any reader of *The Cross* would wish to adopt one of these orphan boys or to contribute to so excellent a work here is the address: Rev. Fr. Nicholas Schneiders, C.P., Catholic Mission, Paotsing, Hunan, China.

ITALY.

Fr. General at Provincial Chapters.

Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionist Congregation, has been busily engaged during the summer months in presiding at triennial Provincial Chapters held in various parts of Italy. Early in July the Provincial Chapter of the Pieta Province, which comprises eight Retreats, was held. Then followed the South Italian Chapter held at Manduria (Taranto), and the Chapter of the North Italian Province held at the Retreat of St. Pancras, Pianezza (Torino).

TANGANYIKA.

New Prefect-Apostolic Appointed.

By a Rescript dated July 14th, 1937, the Holy See has nominated Fr. Stanislaus of Our Lady of Sorrows to be Prefect-Apostolic of the Passionist Mission of Dodoma, Tanganyika. Born at Milan, on June 13th, 1876, Fr. Stanislaus entered the Passionist Congregation in 1897, and was ordained in 1905. His singular gifts as administrator were displayed in the discharge of the various important offices with which he was entrusted. At various times he was Master of Novices, Director of Students at the International College of SS. John and Paul, Provincial, Procurator-General and Consultor-General. He also acted as Consultor to the S. Congregation of the Sacraments, and has published several works on historical, archaeological and ascetical subjects. At the actual time of his nomination, he was Provincial of the North Italian Province. His appointment has been received with much enthusiasm, and is hailed as a happy augury for the future success of this mission.

UNITED STATES.

New Style for Noted Periodical.

Fr. Theophane Maguire, C.P., Editor of *The Sign*, noted American Passionist Periodical, announces that a new style of presenting the first-class material which it contains will be adopted in the October issue. After consultation with a leading typographical expert, Mr. James L. Goggins of the Cuneo Press, various improvements in the arrangement of matter, headings and sub-headings have been decided upon. "Next month's number will speak for itself" declares Fr. Theophane. "We believe that you will find it modern, clean-cut and definitely more readable." A new series by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, *The Church and the Modern World*, is also announced to begin in the October issue.

Sisters of the Cross and Passion

Reception at Kilcullen.

At the Convent of the Sisters of the Cross and Passion, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare, the following received the Habit of the Order:—Sister Livinus (Christina Dulea, Cork City); Sister Mary Aidan (Mary Hamill, Magheralin, Co. Down); Sister Mary Jerome (Catherine Curran, Portaferry, Co. Down); Sister Assisium (Dillie Waters, Carron, Co. Clare).

The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Monsignor Canon Waters, P.P., V.G., Iona Road, Dublin, assisted by Very Rev. H. Talbot, P.P., V.F., Kilcullen, and Rev. J. J. Meagher, Chaplain. Other priests present were:—Rev. J. O'Callaghan, P.P., Eadestown, Naas; Rev. C. R. Murphy, P.P., Ballymore-Eustace; Rev. Dr. Doyle, C.C, do.; Rev. J. Flavin, C.C., University Church, Dublin; Rev. J. Nolan, C.C., Glencullen; Very Rev. Cronan Doyle, C.P., Rector, Mount Argus; Very Rev. J. Rogan, Rector, Mill Hill Fathers' College, Freshford, Co. Kilkenny.

An impressive address was given by V. Rev. Father Dominic, C.P.

Played his own Requiem

In the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris a large congregation was assembled to hear a special concert for the Society of the Friends of the Organ, played by Louis Vierne, the celebrated composer, who had held the title of organist of Notre Dame for thirty-seven years.

Vierne had played a triptych—his own composition—the third movement of which was entitled "Stele for a Dead Child." This was to have been followed by an improvisation.

When the organ remained mute, the expectant people thought there was some mechanical difficulty, but as the silence was prolonged, the rumour spread that he had become ill. The truth was sadder still—Louis Vierne had fallen over his beloved keyboard. A blood-clot had caused instant death. Vierne had played his own requiem.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"*Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge.*"—Ps. cxviii., 66.

SINFUL THOUGHTS.

When exactly are thoughts against purity sinful?—"Troubled" (Co. Roscommon).

Thoughts are sinful when what is thought of or pictured in the imagination is recognized as wrong, and the will deliberately entertains a feeling of pleasure in them. This holds for all kinds of thoughts, for those against charity towards our neighbour as well as those which are concerned with purity. Thoughts and imaginations which concern chastity or sex are sinful when there is no sufficient reason for thinking on them and the will realises this, yet takes pleasure in or dwells with complacency on them. They are forbidden because impure external acts are forbidden. In this matter the principle holds good: "Stop the beginnings."

BOOK WANTED.

A friend of mine possesses a copy of the "Life of Fr. Charles." I would very much like to know if a copy of this book can be procured?—J.D. (New York).

The book to which you refer was published in Dublin in 1893. It has long been out of print, and copies are no longer procurable. We understand, however, that an entirely new "Life" of Fr. Charles is in course of preparation, and it is anticipated that it will be published in the near future.

TWO QUERIES.

(1) *I was lent a magazine entitled ——, which I understand is condemned. Would you please let me know if this is the case?*

(2) *I read in "The Cross" some time ago that it is not the correct thing to put flowers on the altar. If so, is it wrong for me to present flowers for this purpose?*—M.E.C. (Co. Cork).

(1) You appear to have been misinformed. To the best of our knowledge the magazine you mention has not been condemned.

(2) Strictly speaking, it is not the correct thing to place flowers on the altar *for Mass*, since the rubrics of the Missal take no cognisance of such decoration. The custom is tolerated in many places. It is not forbidden to use flowers to decorate the altar for Benediction, the Forty Hours' Exposition, and similar functions. Therefore, you may laudably continue to present them for this purpose.

INFANT OF PRAGUE.

Where can I obtain information regarding devotions in honour of the Infant Jesus of Prague?—

"Inquirer" (Co. Dublin).

Literature regarding the Infant Jesus of Prague may be obtained from Very Rev. Prior, O.D.C., St. Teresa's, Clarendon Street, Dublin, or from St. Joseph's Convent, Mount Carmel, Loughrea, Co. Galway. Petitions for the shrine itself may be sent to Very Rev. Fr. Superior, O.D.C., Carmelite Church, Prague, Czecho-Slovakia. Correspondence is dealt with in all the principal languages.

LAY-BROTHERS.

Please let me know something of the life and duties of a lay-brother. I feel that I have a possible vocation for such a life.—P.M.C. (Dublin).

A lay-brother may be described as one who, having no desire to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood, is yet anxious to consecrate himself to God in the religious life. Lay-brothers usually undertake the domestic work of a monastery, the various duties being apportioned to each according to his ability. Thus one has charge of the church, another of the sacristy, another of the kitchen, another attends the hall-door and so forth. He has sufficient time also to attend to his spiritual needs. The lay-brother is a daily communicant, and usually spends the early hours of the morning in prayer and the serving of Mass. A vocation to this state implies the practice of humility, self-denial and cheerful obedience. The Model and Exemplar of this life is no other than Our Blessed Lord Himself, Who spent well-nigh thirty years in prayer, manual work and obscurity in the Holy Home of Nazareth.

GIFT OF FAITH.

If faith is the gift of God, why are not all His children born with an equal amount of faith?—M.T. (Dublin).

We must distinguish between infants and adults. No infant is born with faith in its soul. Infants are not capable of making an act of faith, but they are capable of receiving the habit of faith, which in their case is not joined with the act thereof. Adults who have never been baptized and are, therefore, without the infused habit of faith, receive sufficient grace at some time or other in their life to make an act of faith in God's revelation. If they pray and do good and what lies in their power, God will grant them grace to make an act of faith. Why God gives more grace to one than to another no man can answer. Gifts of their very nature are something which no one can lay claim to. "Faith is the gift of God" (Eph. 2/5). If God gives more grace to one than to another it is because He sees fit to do so. "Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will?" (Matt. 20/15). But we know and must hold that to every adult He gives sufficient grace to enable him to make an act of divine faith at some time or other in his life. If that is made good use of God will bestow more grace

FORBIDDEN DEGREE.

My father and my friend's father were first cousins. What does that make him to me? Is it possible for us to marry?—M. E. D. (Co. Cork).

The children of first cousins are second cousins. You and your friend are related in the third degree of blood relationship. It is within the forbidden degrees, and therefore it is necessary to apply for a dispensation if you wish to marry.

Book Reviews

FIVE SAINTS OF FRANCE. By J. M. Flood : Dublin : Browne & Nolan Ltd. Pp. 175. Price, **3s. 6d.**

Saint Louis, Saint Joan of Arc, Saint Francis de Sales, and Saint Vincent de Paul are well-known names wherever Saints are known. Their separate lives are, in a general way, recognised to have caused a stir in the country and time in which they were lived. Louis staggered his contemporaries by saying his prayers and fasting, while still remaining a wise man of affairs and a successful king. Joan left her cows in Domremy, exchanged the staff of the shepherdess for the standard of the warrior, and told seasoned campaigners how victorious war should be waged. Francis used his sharp wit and legal mind, much to his father's disappointment, not to win a name of honour among the jurists of his country, but to confound heresy and convict the heretic. Vincent walked from the sunshine and beauty of green fields into the filth and ordure of slumdom, and by his great charity planted joy where he found misery, becoming the universal patron of "down-and-outs." The fifth saint of these five saints of France is Hugh of Lincoln, French Bishop of an English diocese. He will be in the nature of a discovery for most readers. "One of the most beautiful spirits that was ever incarnated in human clay." A most "self-denying, earnest, energetic and fearless bishop" who still had a sense of humour. "Never since I came to this diocese" he told his chaplain, "have I had a quarrel with any of my chapter. It is not because I am easy-going, for on occasions I can be as sharp and biting as pepper."

The gripping stories of these five saints are well told by Author Flood. Sketched into the historical background of the age in which they lived, one perceives how the world at large was the better for their living. The author has used his materials well in these brief sketches. Discarding unnecessary detail, his style has a briskness about it that carries one from beginning to end with the ease of a good novel.

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The Church, The Champion of the Working-Man. By Rev. H. F. Henelly, B.D., C.C. C.T.S. **2d.**

Militant Atheism. Translated from the French. C.T.S. **2d.**

A Catechism of Communism by a Passionist Father. Paulist Press, New York.

Catholicism, Americanism and Communism. By Fabian Flynn, C.P. Paulist Press, New York.

Why Communism gets away with it. By Donald Attwater. Coldwell, London. **3d.**

These five pamphlets are evidence of what is being done by Catholic writers to combat the deadly propaganda of the Communist. The first is a splendid survey in question and answer of the whole subject of Labour and the relations of Employer and Employee. The others deal directly with Communism, explaining its system, exposing its errors and revealing its methods of unloading its dope upon unsuspecting and God-fearing workers. Working-men should watch out for notices of inexpensive pamphlets such as these, and buy or borrow every one of them. Intelligent reading, and argument on sound principles are what are needed. Let experts train you to think and reason for yourself. Don't let Communism get away with it!

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cnáṁa sgéal na n-uġdar. Liam Ó Riain, M.A., do ċuir i n-eagar. National Correspondence College Press, 16 South Frederick Street, Dublin. Leaṫanna 61. Luaċ, **1s. 6d.**

The publishers expect a big demand for this their latest publication. It contains a synopsis of the plots and stories of sixty modern Irish books, with an account of the principal characters in each, and is designed to be helpful to students in refreshing their memory for examinations. Among the authors are included An t-Aṫair Peadar Ó Laoġaire, Pádraic Ó Conaire, "Máire," Pádraic Mac Piarais, "An Seabac." Translations of books by H. G. Wells, R. L. Stevenson, A. E. Mason, are also treated.

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BONAVENTURA : Quarterly Review by the Capuchin Fathers. Autumn Number. Pp. 244. Price, **2s. 6d.**

Last month we welcomed the first number of this new Review and encouraged its reading. No one who has done so will have been disappointed. The Autumn number has the same satisfying feel about it. Articles in Irish still hold pride of place, and the range of topical subjects is wide enough to please all tastes.

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SAYINGS OF DOM MARMION. By Mother Mary St. Thomas. London : Sands & Co. Pp. 50 (approx.). Price, **1s. 6d.**

The spiritual classics of Dom Marmion have been well read by now. He has become a popular figure among spiritual guides. The personal touch of a homely and lovable soul penetrates even his most impersonal writings. Mother Mary St. Thomas has collected 127 of Dom Marmion's sayings from his letters and notes, which accentuate the homeliness and personal appeal of the great Abbot. They are arranged under headings for the various divisions of the ecclesiastical year, and will be helpful to practical meditation and union with Christ in His Mysteries.

The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle: open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

GENTLY over the woodland path and down the roadway autumn is still stealing. We find her touches on the myriad leaves of the trees, the pale yellow of the beech, the deep brown of the chestnut and the rich red of the wild cherry, the slowly-fading fern and the drooping bracken. October is with us, beautiful in its wealth of colouring, and alluring with its own mysterious glamour. There is an awareness of the passing of the green of summer, a kindly compensation in the loveliness of autumn's colours, and yet, a twinge of sadness at the thought of the barrenness of winter.

October is Our Lady's month—specially dedicated to the Mother of God, and to her holy Rosary. In the homesteads, and in the churches of Ireland, the sweet sounds of the Rosary are heard when evening comes. *Ave* after *ave* ascends to Heaven, while the hush of peace and rest falls like a benediction over our dear land and the faithful hearts united in prayer to the gentle Mother of God. Queen of the Holy Rosary look down with tender love on each of your little Gabrielites and lead them one and all to your garden of beauty in the land that is eternal.

MY POST BAG.

This month my post bag is filled to the brim. There are messages from old and new members and from onlookers who wish to join our happy band. From the far shores of Ashaba, Nigeria, VINCENT C. CHUKURA writes a most interesting letter giving details of the great work that is being done for the propagation of the faith in Africa. Vincent is one of the Mass-servers in St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Ashaba, a glorious privilege which I am sure he fully appreciates. He is most welcome to our Guild, and our hands are extended across the seas to him in greeting. I hope he will write soon again, and tell us more about Africa and the progress of the new cathedral in Ashaba. Another newcomer is MARY PAULINE O'SHEA, from Kerry of the Kings. She is truly welcome, and her essay is a fine one. Judging by it, we feel sure Pauline is sure to top the prize-winning lists very often in the future. "I cannot be thankful enough to you and our kind Editor for the beautiful book you sent me," writes MARY MCANDREW: "It was a pleasant surprise when I came in from a walk to find a lovely prize from *The Cross* Office awaiting me. I spent many joyful hours reading this delightful book, and I felt as if I were listening to a fairy broadcast. The cover of it is that real fairy tinge of bright green with shining gold print, so I just felt as if a little water-sprite had picked it out for me." I hope, dear Mary, that little sprite will be able very soon to pick out another fairy book for you. Perhaps she will carry you by Ariel to Fairyland. Our true friend, ELEANOR DARGAN, who never fails to remember us each month, is back at school again. "It is so exciting seeing old familiar faces," says Eleanor, "and hearing accounts of our friends' holiday adventures and the places visited." I am sure Eleanor had many interesting things to tell her little comrades after her own enjoyable holiday. Next year you must find your way to Mount Argus, Eleanor. It will be nicer than ever then, when the new extensions to the church are completed. You will carry away memories of Mount Argus that will live for all time. How nice to have a little baby brother, MARY LEAHY! It won't be long, let us hope, until he, too, is a member of St. Gabriel's Guild. The strawberries and cherries seem very enticing. *Francis* must go to Wexford next year. Will Mary be there, a little cherry ripe amongst the cherries?

AN ALLURING DESCRIPTION.

In the course of a beautiful letter, KITTY KINSELLA gives us a peep into the enchantments of Kerry. "As I told you," she says, "I spent July in the Irish College in Kerry, and really, *Francis*, I never spent a more

enjoyable month anywhere than in this lovely old County of our dear old Ireland. Kerry is certainly a most beautiful spot—all around are lovely purple-blue mountains, and these overlook a sea that is sometimes green, sometimes blue, sometimes golden. Then when the tide is out, you can see miles and miles of dazzling golden sands—sand-kissed by tiny little waves which come dancing in, and which are so alluring that you feel that you simply must run and jump and play with them. Here and there through the mountains there are wonderful little streams and rivulets which jump out at most unexpected places and gurgle merrily down to the sea. Altogether, it is truly a delightful spot, and over all is an atmosphere truly Irish. Gaelic is spoken by all." How I wish I could quote further, but space forbids. Indeed, I lament that I did not find my way to this delightful nook this summer. Perhaps Kitty and *Francis* will meet there one day. God's blessing be with you, Kitty, and success fill all your days. Just by chance your letter, EAMON ANDREWS, was in time, but I understand how very busy you are kept. Still I sympathise with you in your studies. Overwork is hard, yet your letter shows that you have benefited by it all. You are a very real boy, Eamon, and I forgive you since you send me your *love*. I fear you will become a jungle man one day if you continue devouring such books. Keep on competing, and some month you may find your name in the prize-list. JOAN MCCARTHY is pleased with her prize. Her essay is a fine one.

HOLIDAY WANDERINGS.

The splendid letter sent by our little Clones member, EITHNE MARRON, is a delight to read. Listen to her holiday wanderings: "We were all at Bundoran. The weather was lovely and we enjoyed ourselves. We went out to Ballyshannon and saw the waterfalls where the Battle of Assaroe was fought between Hugh O'Donnell, 'the Eagle of the North,' and the English. We also saw the house where William Allingham was born. Another day we went out to Sligo. It was a lovely run out along the coast under the shade of Ben Bulbin, where Finn and the Fianna hunted so very, very many years ago. Sligo is a very nice town. We went to see the old cloistered Abbey there. We came home by the Glencar waterfall. I enjoyed the journey to and from Bundoran in the train. All the way from Belleek, where the famous Belleek pottery is made, we were in view of Lough Erne which, with its calm silver waters dotted with emerald islands and with its wooded shores, made beautiful scenery." Thanks for your letter, dear Eithne. Tell me more about little Patrick Mary. Our young friends in St. Gerard's Hospital have sent me a great batch of letters and essays. My heart is singing with joy as I read each of their little notes, and my gratitude goes out to VIOLET MOSELEY, MARGARET RIDLEY, BETTY MOORE, VALERIE COURT, PETER SWALES, THOMAS DAVIS, HANNAH GLYNN, BETTY MCNULTY, MAURICE WEDGE, and FREDERICK SMITH. To all newcomers a warm Irish welcome. I regret space does not allow of my replying to each one individually. How beautiful it was for those who were fortunate enough to get to Lourdes! I pray that Our Lady will bless and make each of my little friends as well as ever. Next time I hope they will find their way to the shrine at Knock.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "October and the Holy Rosary" the prize is awarded to MARY PAULINE O'SHEA, 4 *Main Street, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry.*

In the competition for the best essay on "My Favourite Book and Why" the prize is awarded to KITTY KINSELLA, 70 *Rathgar Avenue, Rathgar, Dublin.*

In the competition for the best essay on "My Favourite Winter Pastime" the prize goes to JOHN BYRNE, 5 *Castle Hill, Gilford, Co. Down.*

NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS OVER 16 AND UNDER 19 YEARS OF AGE—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "How we can help the Holy Souls."

FOR MEMBERS OVER 13 AND UNDER 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "A Walk in November."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best letter on "My Home."

SEND BEFORE OCTOBER 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild

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